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HYMNS
FOR THE
CHURCH CATHOLIC.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."
—GEN. i. 1.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."—I COR. ii. 9.

"God is love. In this was manifested the love of God towards us, that He sent His only begotten Son that we might live through Him . . . to be the propitiation for our sins. If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. Hereby know we that we dwell in Him and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit. And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world."—I JOHN iv. 8.

"There is one Body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all."—EPHES. iv. 4, 5, 6.

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works."
—TITUS ii. 13, 14.

HYMNS
FOR THE
CHURCH CATHOLIC.

"O Lord, open Thou our lips."

"And our mouth shall show forth Thy praise."



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MDCCCLXXXII.

147 7.12

*"We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge
Thee to be the Lord.
The Father of an infinite Majesty.
Thine honourable, true, and only Son,
The Holy Ghost the Comforter."*

*"Almighty God, Father of all mercies . . . we bless Thee
for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this
life . . . for the redemption of the world . . . for the means
of grace, and for the hope of glory. Give us that due sense of
all Thy mercies that . . . we show forth Thy praise by giving
up ourselves to Thy service, and by walking before Thee in
holiness and righteousness all our days."*

*"I believe . . . in the Holy Catholic Church, the communion
of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body,
and the life everlasting."*

I GLADLY acknowledge the very kind way in which my request for permission to use copyright hymns has been met. I must especially mention—Miss M. V. Havergal, Mrs. Alexander, Miss E. S. Elliott, Miss Hankey, Mrs. Cousin, The Bishop of Lincoln, the Bishop of Bedford, Dr. Bonar, the Rev. Godfrey Thring, Dean Bagot, and the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth. My thanks are also due to Messrs. Morgan and Scott, Shaw and Son, Bell and Sons, Benrose and Sons, Masters and Co., Hayes and Co., Nisbet, the Religious Tract Society, and Messrs. Longman for hymns from “*Lyra Germanica*.”

The proprietors of “*Hymns Ancient and Modern*” declined to give me permission to include two or three hymns, such as, “*Eternal Father, strong to save*.”

I have been very anxious to avoid any infringement of copyright. If I have erred in this respect reparation shall be made in the next edition if the authors will kindly communicate with me.

The sacred truths which I have endeavoured to keep before me in making this selection are best expressed by the verses of God’s Word prefixed to this book. Especially I have endeavoured to bear in mind that the Christian ever lives in the faith of God’s redeeming love. The experience of every watcher by the bedside of the dying child of God knows how the heart finds calmness in that hour only in the sense of forgiveness through Jesus Christ. Lyte, one of our most Evangelical writers, well knew this. Himself called to the knowledge of the Truth whilst attending a dying friend, he wrote in 1847, thirty years afterwards, just as his own life was closing, “*Abide with me*,” in the last verse of which he pleads, “*Hold Thou*”—for none but Christ can do it—“*Thy cross before my closing eyes*.” Atone-ment in that great hour is the believer’s refuge.

J. B. WHITING.

ST. LUKE’S VICARAGE,
RAMSGATE. 1882.

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THE publishers are prepared to print a Supplement to this book, of 50 or 100 hymns, at a small cost. This notice is added because it is not possible in a selection of 500 hymns to include all the hymns valued by particular congregations.

Hymns for the Church Catholic.

MORNING.

"I will sing aloud of Thy mercy in the morning."—

PSALM lix. 16.

1

L.M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul ! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart !
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the Eternal King.
- 3 Glory to Thee who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord ! when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 4 Lord ! I my vows to Thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite. *Bishop Ken, 1700.*

2

L.M.

- 1 **I**MMORTAL spirit ! wake, arise !
Think of thy home beyond the skies ;
Think of the work thou hast to do ;
Think of the heavenly prize in view.

MORNING.

- 2 A clear, unerring chart is given
To guide the traveller's feet to heaven ;
With humble heart there seek thy way,
None led by that can go astray.
- 3 Saviour, for mine this path I take,
Through Thee alone the choice I make ;
Nor one step onward can I go,
Till Thou both will and power bestow.
- 4 To Thee I now commit my way,
My wants, my dangers, through the day.
Wilt Thou my every want supply,
And be in every danger nigh ?
- 5 Thy blessed Spirit's aid impart,
Who can transform and cleanse my heart ;
Make the polluted fountain clear,
Whose streams in words and acts appear.
- 6 Father! I give myself to Thee ;
My strength, my light, my guardian be :
My earthly days thus let me spend,
Till time, and life, and warfare end.

C. Elliott, 1836.

3

C.M.

- 1 O GOD, before the sun's bright beams
All night's dark shadows fly ;
When on the soul Thy mercy gleams,
All doubts and terrors die.
- 2 So freshly falls Thy heaven-sent grace,
As morning's gladdening breath ;
Gives light to all who seek Thy face,
And guides in life and death.
- 3 O holy light, O light of God,
O light unseen below,
Which fills the courts of Thine abode,
Which there the blest shall know.

MORNING.

- 4 Soon we shall see that glorious light
Which to the saints is given,
So sweet, so fair, so passing bright,
The eternal morn of heaven.
- 5 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three,
Grant us, with all Thy ransomed host,
To share that morn with Thee.

G. Phillimore.

4

L.M.

- 1 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask ;
Room to deny our ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Seek we no more : content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go ;
The secret, this, of rest below.
- 6 Only, O Lord ! in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. Keble, 1827.

MORNING.

5

L.M.

- 1 **O** JESU ! Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night !
- 2 Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love !
Pour down Thy radiance from above ;
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
- 3 And God the Father's help we claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name ;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.
- 4 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control ;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.
- 5 O hallowed be the approaching day !
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noon-day light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

Chandler, from St. Ambrose.

6

7.6. D.

- 1 **O** SUN of truth and glory !
O bright and morning star !
Thy love this day be o'er me,
My comfort, my desire.
As morn by morn I waken,
And labour through the day,
Rise in my heart, O Saviour,
And cheer me on my way.
- 2 Thou whose Almighty favour
Preserved me through the night,

MORNING.

In whom I calmly slumbered,
Reposing in Thy might,
Whose love is like the morning,
Whose blessing early dew,
Awake me with Thy mercy,
My hope and strength renew.

3 Thou who didst guide Thine Israel
Upon the desert road,
And from the heat didst hide them
With Thine o'ershadowing cloud,
So through my life be near me,
All weary, faint, oppressed,
Each day protect and shield me,
And give in toil Thy rest.

4 Thus day by day, my Saviour,
Thy heavenly strength impart ;
O sanctify my labour,
O purify my heart !
Till all created nature
Be clothed with endless day,
Until the Morning breaketh,
And shadows flee away. *M. B. W.*

7

7.7.7.7.7.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
Dayspring from on high, be near !
Daystar, in my heart appear !

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,

MORNING.

Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief,
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day !

C. Wesley, 1740.

8

8.8.8.8.8.8.

- 1 **W**HEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes my eyes,
Thou Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine ;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day !

- 2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesu, sprinkle with Thy blood,
And be my advocate with God !

- 3 As every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counsellor and friend ;
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine !

- 4 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies !

MORNING.

- 5 And, at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesu, Thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed :
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face, and sing Thy praise !
Glendg.

9

7.7.7.7.5.

- 1 JESUS, Sun of Righteousness,
Brightest beam of Love Divine !
With the early morning rays
Do Thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel with purest light
All our night !
- 2 As on drooping herb and flower
Falls the soft refreshing dew,
Let Thy Spirit's grace and power
All our weary souls renew,
Showers of blessing over all
Softly fall !
- 3 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy love, with tender glow,
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go,
Gladly serve Thee and obey
All the day !
- 4 O our only Hope and Guide,
Never leave us, nor forsake ;
Keep us ever at Thy side
Till the eternal morning break,
Moving on to Zion's hill
Homeward still !
- 5 Lead us all our days and years
In Thy straight and narrow way ;

MORNING.

Lead us through the vale of tears
To the land of perfect day,
Where Thy people, fully blest,
Safely rest !

C. Knorr, 1664. Tr. H. L. L. 1862.

10

8.7.8.7. D.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, thy God directs thee ;
Stranger bands no more impede ;
Pass thou on ; His hand protects thee,
Strength that has the captive freed.
Is the wilderness before thee,
Desert lands where drought abides ?
Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.
- 2 Light Divine surrounds thy going,
God Himself shall mark thy way ;
Secret blessings richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.
In the desert God will teach thee
What the God that thou hast found,
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,
All His grace shall there abound.
- 3 On to Canaan's rest still wending,
E'en thy wants and woes shall bring
Suited grace, from high descending ;
Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.
Though thy way be long and dreary,
Eagle-strength He'll still renew ;
Garments fresh and feet unwearied
Tell how God hath brought thee through.
- 4 When to Canaan's long-loved dwelling
Love Divine thy foot shall bring,
There with shouts of triumph swelling,
Zion's songs in rest to sing—

EVENING.

There no stranger-God shall meet thee,
Stranger thou in courts above,
He who to His rest shall greet thee
Greets thee with a well-known love !
J. N. Darby, 1837.

EVENING.

" At evening time, it shall be light."—ZECH. xiv. 7.

11

L.M.

- 1 **G** LORY to Thee, my God ! this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, oh ! keep me, King of kings !
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord ! for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the Judgment-day.
- 4 Oh ! may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Lord ! let my soul for ever share
The bliss of Thy paternal care :
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see Thy face and sing Thy love.

EVENING.

- 7 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below !
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! *Bp. Ken.*

12

8.8.8.8.

- 1 **I**NSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine !
My all to Thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign.
- 2 If Thou art my Shield and my Sun
The night is no darkness to me,
And fast as the moments run on
They bring me but nearer to Thee.
- 3 Thy minist'ring spirits descend,
To watch while Thy saints are asleep ;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.
- 4 Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing ;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of their King.
- 5 I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join ;
And love, and adore without end,
Their Faithful Creator and mine. *Toplady.*

13

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

- 1 **G**OD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

EVENING,

- 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping ;
And when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie :
When the trumpet's call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, O God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high.

Heber.

14

7.7.7.5.

- 1 **H**OLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray :
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.
- 2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears :
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening-time.
- 3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie ;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.
- 4 Holy, Blessed Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee :
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time.

R. H. Robinson.

15

D.C.M.

- 1 **T**HE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky ;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie :

EVENING.

- Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day ;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.
- 2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise :
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls ;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.
- 3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;—
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart ;
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine ;—
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.
- 4 Let peace, O Lord,—Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend ;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend :
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes ;
Through the long day we labour, Lord,—
Oh, give us now repose.
- Adelaide Anne Proctor.*

16

10.10.10.10.

- 1 **A**BIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me
abide :
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh ! abide with me !

EVENING.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim ! its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me !
- 3 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings ;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
Come, Friend of sinners ! thus abide with me !
- 4 I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh ! abide with me !
- 5 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? where, grave ! thy
victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 6 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies :—
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee :
In life, in death, O Lord ! abide with me !
Lyte. (See Preface.)

17

8.8.8.4.

- 1 THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store ;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.
- 2 Our life is but a fading dawn ;
Its glorious noon how quickly past !
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

EVENING.

- 3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high ;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky ;
- 4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain ;
- 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall ;
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all ! *Anon.*

18

6.5.6.5.

- 1 NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.
- 2 Jesus, grant the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
- 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee :
Guard the sailors tossing
On the angry sea.
- 4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.
- 5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes. S. Baring Gould.

EVENING.

19

8.7.8.7. D.

- 1 SAVIOUR ! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb ;
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.
- 3 Father ! to Thy holy keeping,
Humbly we ourselves resign :
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine.
Blessed Spirit ! brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light. *Edmeston.*

20

4.4.7.8.7.

- 1 THE day departs ;
Our souls and hearts
Long for that better morrow,
When Christ shall set His people free
From every care and sorrow.
- 2 The sunshine bright
Is lost in night ;
O Lord, Thyself unveiling,

EVENING.

Shine on our souls with beams of love,
All darkness there dispelling.

3 Be Thou still nigh,
With sleepless eye,
While all around are sleeping ;
And angel-guards, at Thy command,
Afar all danger keeping.

4 The land above,
Of peace and love,
No earthly beams need brighten ;
For all its borders Christ Himself
Doth with His glory lighten.

5 May we be there,
That joy to share,
Glad hallelujahs singing :
With all the ransomed evermore
Our joyful praises bringing.

6 Lord Jesu, Thou
Our Refuge now,
Forsake Thy servants never ;
Uphold and guide, that we may stand
Before Thy throne for ever.
Freylinghausen (1700) ; tr. H. L. L.

21

7.6.7.6. D.

1 **W**HEN evening shadows gather,
And twilight gently fades,
When all is still and silent
In midnight's darker shades ;
Then Thou art ever watching,
Thou wilt our vigils keep,
And, trusting in Thy mercy,
We sink in peaceful sleep.

EVENING.

- 2 But, ere our eyelids closing,
We humbly seek Thy Face,
And pray for Thy forgiveness,
And Thy sustaining grace :
For we are weak and erring,
And need Thy mighty power ;
O Jesu, ever guard us
In dark temptation's hour.
- 3 We pray for those who languish
In sickness and distress,
That thou wilt soothe their anguish,
And their afflictions bless :
We pray for those in peril
Upon the mighty sea ;
We pray for friends and loved ones :—
Do Thou their Guardian be.
- 4 And now to Thee we render
Our thanks for mercies past,
With grateful hearts imploring
Thy favour to the last.
And at the great awakening
May we be found above,—
With Saints and Angels praising
Thy providence and love. *G. F. Swift.*

22

10.10.10.10.10.

- 1 **T**HE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter, and yet more faint, the sunlight
glows !
O brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou !
Eternal Light of light, be with us now !
When Thou art present, darkness cannot be,
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord ! with Thee.
- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend ;

EVENING.

- O conqueror of the grave ! be Thou our Guide,
Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide !
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 Thou ! who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer ;
Come, Lord ! in lonesome days, when storms
 assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail ;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, " Fear not, for it is I ! "
- 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay ;
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away ;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call !
With Thee, O Lord ! for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

Bp. Wordsworth.

23

L.M.

- 1 **A**T even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord ! around Thee lay :
Oh ! in what divers pains they met !
Oh ! with what joy they went away !
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near :
What if Thy form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ ! our woes dispel :
For some are sick, and some are sad ;
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had ;
- 4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free ;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

EVENING.

- 5 And none, O Lord ! have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin ;
And they, who fain would love Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 6 O Saviour Christ ! Thou, too, art man ;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.
- 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all ! *Twells.*

24

8.7.8.7.7.7.

- 1 **T**HROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us ;
Now we lay us down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest :
Jesu ! Thou our guardian be ;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose,
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last. *Kelly.*

25

L.M.

- 1 **O** LIGHT of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine ear ;
Through night and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.
- 2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart :
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God and find Him not.

EVENING.

- 3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight,
What dawning risen upon the night !
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find guide and path and all in Thee.
- 4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us more nearly near ;
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.
- 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend,
Praise Him through time till time shall end,
Till psalm and song His name adore,
Through Heaven's great day of evermore.

26

8.7.8.7.

- 1 JESU, tender Shepherd ! hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night ;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.
- 2 Through this day Thy hand hath led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care ;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well ;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. *Duncan.*

27

C.M.

- 1 THE daylight fades, and evening shades
Are gathering round my head ;
Father above, I own the love
That smoothes and guards my bed !
- 2 While Thou art near I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour ;

SATURDAY.

Blest Jesus, still from every ill
Defend me with Thy power.

- 3 Pardon my sin, and enter in
And sanctify my heart ;
Spirit Divine, oh ! make me Thine,
And ne'er from me depart.
-

SATURDAY.

"Keep thy foot when thou goest to the House of God."

—ECCL. V. 1.

28

C.M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day to tune with care
Each unseen chord within :
Would we for Sabbaths well prepare,
To-day we should begin.
- 2 Before the Majesty of heaven
To-morrow we appear ;
No honour half so great is given
Throughout man's sojourn here.
- 3 Yet, if his heart be not prepared,
His soul not meetly dressed,
In vain that honour will be shared,—
No smile will greet the guest.
- 4 We must beforehand lay aside
Our own polluted dress,
And wear the robe of Jesu's Bride,—
His spotless righteousness.
- 5 We must forsake this world below,
Forget all earthly things ;
Strive with a seraph's love to glow,
And soar on angel's wings.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 6 Lord of the offering we bring,
To Thee our hopes aspire ;
Our Prophet, our High Priest, and King,
Fulfil our heart's desire. *C. Elliott.*
-

THE LORD'S DAY.

*"Call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord,
honourable."*—ISA. lviii. 13.

29

7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 **H**AIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams,
Light, which not of earth is born,
From thy dawn in glory streams ;
Airs of heaven are breathed around,
And each place is holy ground.
- 2 Sad and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou blessed day,
Resting-place on life's rough road.
Here flow forth the streams of grace,
Strengthened hence we run the race.
- 3 Great Creator, who this day
From Thy perfect work didst rest,
By the hearts that own Thy sway,
Hallowed be its hours and blest ;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone.
- 4 Saviour, who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom :
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin and live to Thee.

THE LORD'S DAY.

30

C.M.

- 1 **B**LEST day of God ! most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days ;
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
Sweet hour of joy and praise !
- 2 Daily, O Lord ! Thy flocks are blest
In pastures large and fair ;
But better is the weekly feast
Provided by Thy care.
- 3 This day the Lord our Saviour rose
Victorious from the dead ;
And, as a conqueror, His foes
In glorious triumph led.
- 4 Welcome, kind Shepherd ! to Thy sheep
Are these sweet tastes of love ;
But what a Sabbath shall they keep,
When safe with Thee above !
- 5 As the first fruits an earnest prove
Of all the sheaves behind,
So they who do the Sabbath love
A happy week shall find.

Mason.

31

S.M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day of Light !
Let there be light to-day !
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.
- 2 This is the day of Rest !
Our failing strength renew !
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy fresh'ning dew.
- 3 This is the day of Peace !
Thy peace our spirits fill !
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 4 This is the day of Pray'r !
Let earth to heav'n draw near !
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there ;
Come down to meet us here. *Ellerton.*

32

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright ;
On Thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great God Triune !
- 2 On Thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth ;
On Thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth ;
On Thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on Thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.
- 3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise ;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise ;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand ;
From Thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our Promised Land.
- 4 Thou art a holy ladder,
Where angels go and come ;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven, our home :

THE LORD'S DAY.

- A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love ;
A day of Resurrection
From earth to things above.
- 5 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly Manna falls ;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls ;
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams ;
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.
- 6 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son ;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.
- Bp. Wordsworth.*

33

C.M.

- 1 **A** GAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the dawn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 Oh ! what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
Oh ! what a Sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb.
- 3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind His soul in death ;
He shook their kingdom when He fell,
With His expiring breath.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 4 Exalted high at God's right hand,
The Lord of all below,
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.
- 5 And still for erring, guilty man,
A Brother's pity flows ;
And still His bleeding heart is touched
With memory of our woes.
- 6 To Thee, our Saviour and our King,
Glad homage we will give ;
And stand prepared, like Thee, to die,
That we with Thee may live.

A. L. Barbauld.

34

7.8.7.8.7.7.

- 1 **L**IGHT of lights, enlighten me,
Now anew the day is dawning ;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee,
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning ;
With Thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest.
- 2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me ;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me ;
Bless Thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.
- 3 Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, holy, holy ! singing,
Rapt, awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee upspringing,
Have a foretaste inly given,
How they worship Thee in Heaven.
- 4 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy :

THE LORD'S DAY.

Come, Thou glorious majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly !
Nought to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.
Lyra Germanica.

35

7.7.7.7.

- 1 **E**RE another Sabbath close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord ! our song ascends to Thee ;
At Thy feet we bow the knee.
- 2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven .
- 3 Cold our services have been ;
Mingled every prayer with sin ;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive ;
By Thy grace alone we live.
- 4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead :
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.
- 5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above ;
While their steps Thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

36

8.8.8.8.8.8.

- 1 **S**WEET Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run ;
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 3 O Lord, forgive, and give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
And inward peace, and purity.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
O let Thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light. *Faber.*

37

L.M.

- 1 **S**UN of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear !
It is not night if Thou be near :
Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,

THE LORD'S DAY.

Now, Lord ! the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

- 5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. *Keble.*

38

10s.

- 1 SOON will the evening star, with silver ray,
Shed its mild lustre on this sacred day ;
Resume we, then, ere sleep and silence reign,
The rites that heaven and holiness ordain.
- 2 Still let each sacred truth our thoughts engage,
That shines revealed on inspiration's page ;
Nor those blest hours in vanity be past,
Which all who lavish shall lament at last.
- 3 Here let us humbly hope our Maker's smile
Will cheer our souls opprest with weekly toil ;
And here, on each returning Sabbath, join
In prayer, in penitence, and praise divine.
- 4 O God and Saviour ! in our hearts abide !
Thy grace renews us, and Thy precepts guide ;
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be Thine, till time shall end !

Mason.

39

P.M.

- 1 COME to the Saviour, make no delay ;
Here in His word He has shown us the
way ;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying " Come ! "

ADVENT.

ADVENT.

"The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head."

—GEN. iii. 15.

42

L.M.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Proclaims aloud, The Lord is nigh !
Awake and hearken ; for he brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.
- 2 Our God draws nigh ! Let every breast
Be cleansed to greet the heavenly Guest ;
Each heart a dwelling-place prepare,
That He may come and enter there.
- 3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge, and our great reward ;
Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.
- 4 To heal the sick stretch forth Thy hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand ;
Shine forth, and let Thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.
- 5 All praise and glory be to Thee,
Whose advent sets Thy people free :
Like praise be to the Father given,
And Holy Ghost, in earth and heaven.

Chandler.

43

P.M.

- 1 **O**H ! come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant ;
Oh ! come ye, oh ! come ye, to Bethlehem ;
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of angels ;

ADVENT.

Oh ! come, let us adore Him,
Oh ! come, let us adore Him,
Oh ! come, let us adore Him, Christ the
Lord !

2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo ! He abhors not a Virgin's womb ;
Very God, of very God :
Begotten, not created ;
Oh ! come, etc.

3 Sing, choirs of angels !
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above !
Glory to God
In the highest, glory ;
Oh ! come, etc.

4 Yea, Lord ! we greet Thee,
Born for our salvation ;
Jesu ! to Thee be glory given ;
Word of the Father !
Now in flesh appearing ;
Oh ! come, let us adore Him,
Oh ! come, let us adore Him,
Oh ! come, let us adore Him, Christ the
Lord !
Tr. Oakley.

44

8.7.8.7. D.

1 LOVE divine ! all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling ;
All Thy faithful mercies crown :
Jesus ! Thou art all compassion ;
Pure unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation ;
Enter every longing heart.

ADVENT.

2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive ;
"Quickly come" again, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave :
Thee we would be always blessing ;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation ;
Pure and spotless may we be :
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee :
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. Wesley.

45

8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 JESUS came—the heavens adoring,
Came with peace from realms on high ;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die ;
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care ;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer.
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven ;

ADVENT.

Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven.
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears ;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts and dries our tears,
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away ;
Jesus comes again in glory,
Let us then our homage pay.
Hallelujah ! ever singing,
Till the dawning of the day. *G. Thring.*

46

7.7.7.5.

1 LORD of mercy and of might !
Of mankind the Life, and Light,
Maker ! Teacher infinite !
Jesus ! hear and save !

2 Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a virgin's womb !

3 Mighty Monarch ! Saviour mild !
Humbled to a mortal Child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled !

4 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings !

5 Who shall yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us ! help us ! when we cry ;
Jesus ! hear and save ! *Heber.*

CHRISTMAS.

47

C.M.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the riches of His grace
To bless the humble poor.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of sin,
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace !
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

Doddridge.

CHRISTMAS.

"The Word was made flesh, and dwell among us, (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth."—JOHN i. 14.

48

C.M.D.

- 1 **I**T came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :

CHRISTMAS.

"Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all gracious King :"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 O ye ! beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow ;
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
Oh ! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel strain have roll'd
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And men at war with men hear not
The love song which they bring :
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !

4 For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing. *Sears.*

49

7.6.7.6.D.

1 I LOVE to hear the story
Which God's own Word doth tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,

CHRISTMAS.

The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be ;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise ;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise ;
For He has kindly promised,
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

Miller.

50

7.7.7.7. D.

1 **H**ARK ! the herald-angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled :"
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies :
With the angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see !
Hail the Incarnate Deity !
Pleased, as man, with men to dwell,
Jesus our Emmanuel !

CHRISTMAS.

- 3** Hail ! the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail ! the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings :
Mild, He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die :
Born to raise the sons of earth ;
Born to give them second birth. *C. Wesley.*

51

8.7.8.7.

- 1** COME, thou long-expected Jesus !
Born to set Thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us ;
Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all Thy saints Thou art ;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 2** Born Thy people to deliver ;
Born a child and yet a king ;
Born to reign in us for ever ;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone :
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. *C. Wesley.*

52

C.M.D.

- 1** WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;

CHRISTMAS.

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

2 "To you in David's town, this day,
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign :
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the angel ; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song :—
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease." *Tate and Brady.*

53

10.10.10.10.10.10.

1 CHRISTIANS, awake ! salute the happy
morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born ;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above :
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold
I bring glad tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth ;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word.
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

CHRISTMAS.

- 3 He spake : and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still;
Peace upon earth, to sinful man good-will.
- 4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shep-
herds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man:
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return ;
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn:
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim;
The first apostles of the Saviour's name.
- 5 Oh ! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind ;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our
loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
- 6 Then may we hope, the angelic host among;
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng;
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.
- Byron.*

54

8.7.8.7. D.

- 1 **H**ARK ! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
Lo ! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
" Glory in the highest, glory !
Thus they chant their joyful strain,

CHRISTMAS.

"Glory in the highest, glory !
Peace on earth, good-will to men."

- 2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven ;—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing !
Oh, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King !

- 3 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him :
Learn His name, and taste His joy ;
Till in heaven we sing before Him :
Glory be to God on high !"
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth ;
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth. *J. Cawood, 1840.*

55

8.7.8.7.4.7.

- 1 **A**NGELS ! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
Come and worship !
Worship Christ, the new-born King !
- 2 **S**hepherds ! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant light.
- 3 **S**ages ! leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar ;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star.

CHRISTMAS.

4 Sinners ! wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now repeals the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains.

5 Saints ! before His presence bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear :
Come and worship !
Worship Christ, the new-born King !

Montgomery.

56

10.8.10.8.8.8.

1 **T**HOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy
kingly crown

When Thou camest to earth for me :

But in Bethlehem's home was there found
no room

For Thy holy nativity.

O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,

There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree ;
But in lowly birth Thou didst come to earth,
And in great humility :

O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,

There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their
nest

In the shade of the cedar tree ;

But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of
God,

In the deserts of Galilee.

O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,

There is room in my heart for Thee.

CHRISTMAS.

- 4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
That should set Thy people free ;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of
thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary :
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.
- 5 When heaven's arches shall ring and her choir
shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, Yet there
is room,
There is room at My side for thee :
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

E. S. Elliott.

57

8.7.8.7.7.7.

- 1 ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed ;
Mary was that Mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.
- 2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall ;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.
- 3 And through all His wondrous Childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly Mother,
In whose gentle arms He lay ;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

CHRISTMAS.

- 4 For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew ;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew ;
Now He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.
- 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above ;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.
- 6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him ; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high ;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Mrs. Alexander.

58

L.M.

- 1 GIVE heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes,
Who is it in yon manger lies ?
Who is this Child so young and fair ?
The blessed Christ-child lieth there.
- 2 Welcome to earth, Thou noble Guest,
Through Whom e'en wicked men are blest ;
Thou com'st to share our misery—
What can we render, Lord, to Thee ?
- 3 Ah, dearest Jesu, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber, kept for Thee.
- 4 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep ;

THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song—

- 5 Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given ;
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad new year to all the earth. *Luther.*

THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."—MATT. i. 21.

59

7.7.7.7.

- 1 CONQUERING kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make :
Jesus by a nobler deed,
From the thousands He hath freed.
- 2 Yes : none other name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.
- 3 That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, brethren ! say,
Shall we madly cast away ?
- 4 Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame ;
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death but victory !
- 5 Jesus ! who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's friend,
Hear us, as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy name to-day. Tr. Chandler.

THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

60

C.M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name ! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place ;
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace :
- 4 Jesus ! my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath :
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death ! *Newton.*

61

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 **J**OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That ever angels bore ;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

- 2 Great Prophet of our God !
Our tongues would bless Thy name :
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came :
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died ;
Our guilty souls require
No sacrifice beside ;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 4 We love our Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
Our wandering souls among
The thousands of His sheep.
He feeds His flock ; He calls their names ;
His bosom bears the tender lambs.
- 5 Divine, almighty Lord !
Our Conqueror and our King !
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing ;
Thine is the power ; oh ! may we sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet ! *Watts.*

62

7.7.7.7.

- 1 JESUS ! Name of wondrous love,
Name all other names above,
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.
- 2 Jesus ! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,—
"Jesus shall His people save."

THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

- 3 Jesus ! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the Holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.
- 4 Jesus ! Only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.
- 5 Jesus ! Name of wondrous love !
Human Name of God above !
Pleading only this, we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

Bishop W. W. How.

63

C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth ;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free ;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells me of a Father's smile,
Beaming upon His child ;
It cheers me through this " little while,"
Through desert, waste, and wild.
- 4 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear ;
It tells me in a " still small voice,"
To trust and not to fear.
- 5 Jesus ! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear !
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
Nor heart conceive how dear.

Whitefield.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

64

8.8.8.8.8.8.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if Thou art mine;
And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus ! in Thy Name.
- 2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with Thy dear Name, are given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 3 Jesus ! my all in all Thou art ;
My rest in toil ; my ease in pain,
The medicine of my broken heart ;
In war, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
In shame, my glory and my crown. *Wesley.*

THE SECOND ADVENT.

"This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."—ACTS i. 11.

"Surely I come quickly ; Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus !"—REV. xxii. 20.

"There shall be no more curse."—REV. xxii. 3.

65

8.8.8.8.8.8.

- 1 **A** LITTLE while," our Lord shall come,
And we shall wander here no more ;
He'll take us to our Father's home,
Where He, for us, hath gone before,
To dwell with Him, to see His face,
And sing the glories of His grace.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

- 2 "A little while," He'll come again ;
Let us the precious hours redeem ;
Our only grief to give Him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow Him :
Watching and ready may we be,
As those who long their Lord to see.
- 3 "A little while," 'twill soon be past ;
Why should we shun the shame and cross ?
Oh ! let us in His footsteps haste,
Counting, for Him, all else but loss :
Oh ! how will recompense His smile,
For sufferings of this "little while."
- 4 "A little while" ; come, Saviour ! come ;
For Thee Thy Bride has tarried long ;
Take Thy poor wearied pilgrims home,
To sing the new, eternal song ;
To see Thy glory, and to be
In everything conformed to Thee ! *Deck.*

66

L.M.

- 1 JESUS ! Thy Church with longing eyes
For Thine expected coming waits ;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Sion's gates ?
- 2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.
- 3 Come, gracious Lord ! our hearts renew,
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress,
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown Thy gospel with success.
- 4 Oh ! come, and reign o'er every land,
Let Satan from his throne be hurled ;

THE SECOND ADVENT.

All nations bow to Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

- 5 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for the appointed hour ;
And fit us by Thy grace to share
The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

Bathurst.

67

8.7.8.7.4.7.

- 1 **L**O ! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of His train :
Hallelujah !
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty :
Those who set at nought, and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away ;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day :
" Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away."

- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear !
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air :
Hallelujah !
See the day of God appear !

- 5 Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine exalted throne :

THE SECOND ADVENT.

Saviour ! take the power and glory ;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own :
Oh ! come quickly !
Hallelujah ! Come, Lord, come !
Mudan, from C. Wesley and Cennick.

68

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

- 1 GREAT God ! what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before ;
Prepare, my soul ! to meet Him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding ;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding ;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.
- 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing ;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing :
The day of grace is past and gone !
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.
- 4 Great God ! what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him ! *Luther.*

THE SECOND ADVENT.

69

L.M.

1 **T**HAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away !
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.
Sir Walter Scott, 1805.

70

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 **D**AY of Judgment ! day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round ;
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine !
Ye who long for His appearing
Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
Gracious Saviour !
Own me in that day for Thine !

3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea ;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee :
Careless sinner !
What will then become of thee ?

THE SECOND ADVENT.

- 4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow !
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know." *Newton.*

71

L.M.

- 1 THE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixèd seat forsake ;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come ! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came ;
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.
- 4 Can this be He who once did stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride ?
Is this indeed the Crucified ?
- 5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain,
Go seek the mountain-cleft in vain,
The saints, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—"The Lord is come."

Heber.

72

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

- 1 THE Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth His voice of thunder ;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder :

THE SECOND ADVENT.

Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
The rocks were rent asunder !

2 The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye
In nature's hour of danger ;
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

3 The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated :
With trumpet sound and angel-song,
And Hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated ! *Heber.*

73 8.7.8.7.

1 THE night is wearing fast away,
The glorious day is dawning,
When Christ shall all His grace display—
The fair millennial morning.

2 Gloomy and dark the night hath been,
And long the way, and dreary !
And sad the weeping saints are seen,
And faint, and worn, and weary.

3 Ye mourning pilgrims ! dry your tears,
And hush each sigh of sorrow ;
The light of that bright morn appears,
The long-sabbatic morrow.

4 Lift up your heads—behold from far
A flood of splendour streaming ;
It is " the bright and morning Star,"
In living lustre beaming !

THE SECOND ADVENT.

- 5 He comes! the Bridegroom promised long :
Go forth with joy to meet Him,
And raise the new and nuptial song,
In cheerful strains to greet Him !
- 6 Adorn thyself, the feast prepare ;
With hallelujahs swelling
He comes, with thee all joys to share
In His all-glorious dwelling.

74

P.M.

- 1 **W**HEN He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.
Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.
- 2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom ;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.
- 3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own. *Cushing.*

75

8.7.8.8.7.7.7.7.

- 1 **T**HOU art coming, O my Saviour !
Thou art coming, O my King !
In Thy beauty all resplendent,
In Thy glory all transcendent ;
Well may we rejoice and sing,

THE SECOND SPEECH.

Coming! Is the coming, the
Herald brightness slowly weds,
Coming! O my glorious Friend!
How we need Thy golden deeds!

2 Then art coming, Thou art coming,
We shall meet Thee on Thy way;
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee
We shall bless Thee, we shall love Thee
All our hearts could never say,
What an anthem that will be!
Ringing out our love for Thee;
Pouring out our rapturous sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

3 Thou art coming; at Thy side
We are witnesses for Thee;
While remembering how Thou hast
In communion, blessed, loved,
Entered of our coming, the
Blowing and Thy words,
And Thy love, we shall say,
But Thy coming, we shall say,
All for us, we shall say.

4 1861

Thou art coming

EPIPHANY.

EPIPHANY.

"I am the bright and morning star."—REV. xxii. 16.

"The Light of the world."—JOHN viii. 12.

76

7.7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 **A**S with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leadng onward, beaming bright !
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.
- 2 **A**s with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed ;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore ;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.
- 3 **A**s they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
and free from sin's alloy,
our treasures bring,
our heavenly King.

EPIPHANY.

77

11.10.11.10.

1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning !

'Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the
stall ;

Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine ;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Heber.

78

7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 **G**OD of mercy ! God of grace !
Show the brightness of Thy face ;
Shine upon us, Saviour ! shine,
Fill thy Church with light divine ;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

ÉPIPHANY.

- 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord !
Be by all that live adored ;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord !
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love. *Lyte.*

79

L.M.

- 1 **L**IGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart !
Star of the coming day !
Arise ! and with thy morning beam
Chase all our griefs away !
- 2 Come, blessed Lord ! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King !
- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In memory of Thy love !
- 4 Jesus ! Thy fair creation groans,
The air—the earth—the sea—
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.
- 5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine ;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine ! *Denny.*

EPIPHANY.

80

7.6. D.

- 1 **L**IGHT of the world, we hail Thee
Flushing the eastern skies,
Never shall darkness veil Thee
Again from human eyes ;
Too long, alas, withholden,
Now spread from shore to shore,
Thy light, so glad, and golden,
Shall set on earth no more.
- 2 Light of the world, Thy beauty
Steals into every heart,
And glorifies with duty
Life's poorest, humblest part ;
Thou robest in Thy splendour
The simple ways of men,
And helpst them to render
Light back to Thee again.
- 3 Light of the world, before Thee
Our spirits prostrate fall ;
We worship, we adore Thee,
Thou Light, the life of all.
With Thee is no forgetting
Of all Thine hand hath made,
Thy rising hath no setting,
Thy sunshine hath no shade.
- 4 Light of the world, illumine
This darkened land of Thine,
Till everything that's human
Be filled with light divine ;
Till every tongue, and nation,
From sin's dominion free,
Shall rise a new creation,
Of love and purity.

EPIPHANY.

81

8.7.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come ! and all Thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
- 2 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise ;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.
- 3 Still we wait for Thine appearing :
Life and joy Thy beams impart ;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.
- 4 Come ! and manifest the favour
Thou hast for our ransomed race ;
Come, Thou blest exalted Saviour !
Come ! and bring Thy Gospel grace.
- 5 By Thine all-sufficient merit
Every burdened soul release ;
By the teachings of Thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace.

C. Wesley.

82

11.8.11.8.

- 1 **T**HE whole world was lost in the darkness of
sin,
The Light of the world is Jesus :
Like sunshine at noonday His glory shone in,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

Chorus.

Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee ;
Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me.
Once I was blind, but now I can see
The Light of the world is Jesus.

EPIPHANY.

- 2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,
The Light of the world is Jesus ;
We walk in the Light when we follow our
Guide,
The Light of the world is Jesus.
- 3 Ye dwellers in darkness, with sin-blinded eyes,
The Light of the world is Jesus :
Go, wash at His bidding, and light will arise,
The Light of the world is Jesus.
- 4 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told,
The Light of that world is Jesus :
The Lamb is the Light in the City of Gold,
The Light of that world is Jesus. *Bliss.*

83

L.M.

- 1 **W**HEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode :
The storm was loud ; the night was dark ;
The ocean yawned ; and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose ;
It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all ;
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And, through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

EPIPHANY.

6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star ! the Star of Bethlehem !
H. Kirke White.

84

P.M.

- 1 **T**HROUGH centuries of sin and woe
Hath streamed the crimson flood,
While man, in concert with the foe,
Hath shed his brother's blood ;
Now lift thy banner, Prince of Peace,
And make the weary conflict cease !
- 2 In vain, 'mid clamours loud and rude,
Thy servants seek repose ;
See, day by day, the strife renewed,
And brethren turned to foes :
Then lift thy banner, Prince of Peace,
Bid enmity for ever cease !
- 3 Still to the heavens the weak will pour
Their loud, unanswered cry ;
Still wealth doth heap its secret store,
And want forgotten lie :
Lift high thy banner, Prince of Peace,
Let wrongs among thy subjects cease !
- 4 Thy gospel, Lord, is grace and love ;
O send it all abroad,
Till every heart submissive prove,
And bless the reigning God :
Come, lift thy banner, Prince of Peace,
Bid sin and woe for ever cease ! *Gurney.*

85

8.7.8.7. D.


- 1 **S**AW ye never in the twilight,
When the sun had left the skies,
Up in heaven the clear stars shining
Through the gloom like silver eyes ?
5

EPIPHANY.

- So of old the wise men watching,
Saw a little stranger star,
And they knew the King was given,
And they followed it from far.
- 2 Heard ye never of the story,
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
Till they found the Holy Child ?
How they opened all their treasure
Kneeling to that Infant King,
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering ?
- 3 Know ye not that lowly Infant
Was the bright and morning Star,
He who came to light the Gentiles,
And the darkened isles afar ?
And we too may seek His cradle,
There our hearts' best treasures bring,
Love and faith, and true devotion,
For our Saviour, God, and King.

86

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed !
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
- 

EPIPHANY.

Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see.
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing.
For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove,
His Name shall stand for ever,
That Name to us is Love.

Montgomery.

MISSIONS.

MISSIONS.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come."—ISA. lx. 1.

87

P.M.

1 **T**ELL it out among the heathen that the
Lord is King!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations, let them shout
and sing!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out with adoration that He shall
increase,

That the mighty King of Glory is the King of
Peace;

Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves
may roar,

That He sitteth on the water-floods, our King
for evermore.

Tell it out! Tell it out!

2 Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour
reigns!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst
their chains!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus
lives!

Tell it out among the weary ones what rest
He gives;

Tell it out among the sinful that He came to
save,

Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed
o'er the grave.

Tell it out! Tell it out!

MISSIONS.

- 3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns
above !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the nations that His reign
is love !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the highways and the lanes
at home ;

Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean
foam !

Like the sound of many waters let our glad
shout be,

Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of
the sea !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

F. R. Havergal.

88

L.M.

- 1 **A**RM of the Lord ! awake ! awake !
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake ;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
“ I am Jehovah ; God alone : ”
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt ;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.
- 4 Let Zion's time of favour come ;
Oh ! bring the tribes of Israel home ;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

MISSIONS.

5 Almighty God ! Thy grace proclaim
In every clime of every name ;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all ! *Shrubsole.*

89

C.M.

- 1 **T**HE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar ;
Who follows in His train ?
- 2 Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,—
He follows in His train.
- 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw His Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.
- 4 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong ;
Who follows in His train ?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came ;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
- 6 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
- 7 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain :
O God ! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train !

Heber.

MISSIONS.

90

11.11.11.11.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the swelling breezes, rising from
afar,
Bring the sounds of conflict from the holy war !
God is with our armies, He the word has given,
He is watching o'er you, messengers of heaven.
- 2 Go ! thou mighty Gospel, conquering on thy
way ;
Night upon the mountains changes into day !
Idols bow before Thee, heathen temples fall ;
Soon the world shall own Thee victor over all.
- 3 O Thou blessed Saviour ! reigning now on
high,
May Thy faithful soldiers find Thee ever
nigh !
Bid their glorious witness speed from sea to sea,
Till the whole creation worship only Thee.
H. B.

91

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow ;
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad :
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God, ..
The sin-atonng Lamb ;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the world proclaim :

MISSIONS.

- 4 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
- 5 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.

C. Wesley.

92

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Can we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! oh, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

MISSIONS.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds ! His story,
And you, ye waters ! roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King ! Creator !
In bliss returns to reign. *Heber.*

93

L.M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown His head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest ;
And all the sons of want are blessed.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In Him the sons of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King :
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud " Amen ! " *Watts.*

MISSIONS.

94

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 "SOW ye beside all waters,"
Where dew from heaven may fall:
Thou *shalt* reap, be not weary ;
The Spirit breathes o'er all.
Sow, though the thorn may wound thee,
(One wore the thorn for thee,)
And though the cold world scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.
- 2 "Sow ye beside all waters,"
With blessing and with prayer ;
Name Him whose hands uphold thee,
And sow ye everywhere.
Sow where the sunlight sheddeth
Its warm and cheering ray ;
The rain from heaven descendeth
When sunbeams pass away.
- 3 Sow when the tempest lowers,
For calmer days may break ;
And seed in darkness nourished,
A goodly plant may make.
Sow when the morning breaketh
In beauty o'er the land ;
And when the evening falleth
Withhold not thou thine hand.
- 4 Sow, though the rock repel thee
In cold and sterile pride ;
Some clift there may be riven,
Where little seeds may hide.
Fear not, for some will flourish,
And though the tares abound,
Like willows by the waters
Will scattered grain be found.

MISSIONS.

- 5 Have faith, though ne'er beholding
The seed burst from the tomb ;
Thou knowest not which may perish,
Or what be spared to bloom.
Room on the narrowest ridges
The ripened grain will find ;
That the Lord of the harvest coming,
In the harvest sheaves may bind.

95

S.M.

- 1 **T**O bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine.
- 2 That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious name.
- 4 Oh, let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.
- 5 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower ;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power. *Tate and Brady.*

96

7.6.7.6.

- 1 **O**H ! that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home !

MISSIONS.

- 2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane ?
Return, O Lord ! in pity :
Rebuild her walls again.
- 3 Let fall Thy rod of terror ;
Thy saving grace impart ;
Roll back the veil of error ;
Release the fettered heart.
- 4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see :
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee. *Lyte.*

97

C.M. D.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM ! Jerusalem !
Enthroned once on high,
Thou favoured " House of God " on earth,
Thou heaven below the sky ;
Now brought to bondage with thy sons,
A curse and grief to see,
Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Our tears shall flow for thee.
- 2 Oh ! hadst thou known thy day of grace,
And flocked beneath the wing
Of Him who called thee lovingly,
Thine own anointed King ;
Then had the tribes of all the world
Gone up thy pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates,
And all thy sons been free.
- 3 Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Until thou turn again,
And seek, with penitence of heart,
The Lamb thy sons have slain ;

MISSIONS.

Till to the Saviour of mankind
Thou humbly bow the knee ;
Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Our tears shall flow for thee.

Heber.

98

P.M.

- 1 **I** THINK when I read that sweet story of
old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He call'd little children as lambs to His
fold ;
I should like to have been with Him then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my
head,
That His arm had been thrown around
me ;
And that I might have seen His kind look
when He said,
" Let the little ones come unto me."
- 2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love ;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He is gone to pre-
pare,
For all who are wash'd and forgiven ;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
- 3 But thousands and thousands who wander and
fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home ;
I should like them to know there is room for
them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

LENT.

I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest, the brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest. *Tuke.*

LENT.

"Godly sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation."—
2 COR. vii. 10.

99

7.7.7.

- 1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.
- 2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.
- 3 Lord, on us Thy spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.
- 4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,
- 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.
- 6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere we shall behold Thy face. *Williams.*

100

C.M. D.

- 1 O LORD, turn not Thy face away from them
that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life with tears and
bitter cry;

LENT.

Thy mercy's gates are open wide to them that
mourn their sin ;
O shut them not against us, Lord ! but let
us enter in.

- 2 We need not to confess our fault, for surely
thou canst tell ;
What we have done, and what we are, thou
knowest very well :
Wherefore to beg and to entreat with tears
we come to thee,
As children that have done amiss fall at their
father's knee.
- 3 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat the bless-
ing which we crave,
When thou dost know before we speak the
thing that we would have ?
Mercy, O Lord ! mercy we seek :—this is the
total sum :
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer ;—O let
Thy mercy come ! *Sternhold.*

101

L.M.

- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord ! O Lord ! forgive ;
Let a repenting sinner live ;
Are not Thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?
- 2 My sins, though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace ;
Great God ! Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace :
Lord ! should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

LENT.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord !
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

5 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean.
Jesus ! my God ! Thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone.

Watts.

102 . 7.5.7.5.7.7.5.

1 **M**OURNER, whereso'er thou art,
At the cross there's room,
Tell the burden of thy heart ;
At the cross there's room !
Tell it in thy Saviour's ear,
Cast away thine ev'ry fear,
Only speak, and He will hear,
At the cross there's room !

2 Haste thee, wand'rer, tarry not,
At the cross there's room !
Seek that consecrated spot ;
At the cross there's room !
Heavy laden, sore oppress'd,
Love can soothe thy troubled breast ;
In the Saviour find thy rest ;
At the cross there's room !

3 Thoughtless sinner, come to-day ;
At the cross there's room !
Hark ! the Bride and Spirit say,
At the cross there's room !
Now a living fountain see,
Opened there for you and me,
Rich and poor, for bond and free ;
At the cross there's room !

LENT.

- 4 Blessed thought ! for every one
At the cross there's room !
Love's atoning work is done ;
At the cross there's room !
Streams of boundless mercy flow,
Free to all who thither go ;
Oh that all the world might know,
At the cross there's room ! *Crosby.*

103 7.7.7.7.

- 1 **T**HOU who didst on Calvary bleed !
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need,
Jesus ! Saviour ! hear my cry.
- 2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Jesus ! lift to Thee mine eye.
- 3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea Thy grace to win,
But that Thou canst save from sin,
Jesus ! to Thy cross I fly.
- 4 There, on Thee I cast my care,
There to Thee I raise my prayer,
Jesus ! save me from despair,
Save me ! save me ! or I die.
- 5 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus ! Saviour ! be Thou nigh. *Burns.*

104 8.8.6. D.

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty,
To Thee, against myself, to Thee,
A worm of earth, I cry ;

LENT.

A half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner, born to die.

- 2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible ;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God ! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord ! shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom ?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to ensure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour ! then, my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Wesley.

LENT.

105

L.M.

- 1 OH! not when o'er the trembling soul
The thunder-peals of Sinai roll,—
Oh! 'tis not then we feel within
The full malignity of sin.
- 2 'Tis when by faith we turn our eyes
On Him, our Priest and Sacrifice;
Mark His mysterious pangs, and know
Our peace was purchased by His woe :—
- 3 When in faith's happiest, holiest hours
We dare to call that Saviour ours,—
'Tis then our hearts within us burn;
We look on Him we pierced, and mourn.
- 4 'Tis then a voice is heard within,
Which breaks the tyrant yoke of sin,
For He, our load of guilt who bore,—
He bids us "go and sin no more." C. Elliott.

106

7.7.7.7.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Whence to me this wealth of love?
Ask my Advocate above!
See the cause in Jesus' face,
Now before the throne of grace.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Pleads His wounds, and spreads His hands :

LENT.

God is love ; I know, I feel,
Jesus loved and loves me still.

5 If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now ! *C. Wesley.*

107

C.M.

1 **W**HEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercèd hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord !
Unseal that cleansing tide ;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side. *C. F. Alexander.*

108

10s.

1 **W**EARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in ;
But there no evil thing may find a home :
And yet I hear a voice that bids me " come."

LENT.

- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that Holy Land ?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear ?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me
near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly
way ;
Evil is ever with me day by day ;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
" Repent, believe ; thou shalt be loosed from
all."
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear ;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me
near ;
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's
child!
And, day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
- 6 O great Absolver ! grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer ;
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.
- 7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous
Lord !
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward ;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden
crown ;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid
down. Stone.

LENT.

109

7.7.7.7. D.

- 1 SAVIOUR ! when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
Oh ! by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany !
- 2 By Thy helpless infant years ;
By Thy life of want and tears ;
By Thy days of sore distress,
In the lonely wilderness ;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the subtle tempter's power ;
Turn, oh ! turn a pitying eye ;
Hear our solemn Litany !
- 3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode ;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany !
- 4 By Thine hour of dire despair ;
By Thine agony of prayer ;
By the purple robe of scorn ;
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn ;
Cross and passion, pangs and cries ;
By Thy perfect sacrifice ,
Jesus ! look with pitying eye.
Hear our solemn Litany !

LENT.

By Thy last expiring groan ;
By the sealed sepulchral stone ;
By Thy triumph o'er the grave ;
By Thy power from death to save ;
Mighty God ! ascended Lord !
To Thy throne in heaven restored ;
Prince and Saviour ! hear the cry
Of our solemn Litany ! *Grant.*

110

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 I NEED Thee, precious Jesus !
For I am full of sin :
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within :
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee—
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 2 I need Thee, blessed Jesus !
For I am very poor ;
A stranger, and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store :
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay
- 3 I need Thee, precious Jesus !
I need a friend like Thee ;
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me :
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.

LENT.

- 4 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus !
And hope to see Thee soon
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne ;
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praise, blest Jesus !
To gaze, my Lord ! on Thee. *Whitfield.*

111

L.M.

- 1 COME ! weary souls ! with sin distressed,
Come and accept the promised rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
Oh ! come and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes ;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord ! we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope Thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 O Saviour ! let Thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest. *Steele.*

112

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

- 1 NO ; not despairingly
Come I to Thee :

LENT.

No ; not distrustingly
Bend I the knee.
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
"Jesus hath died."

2 Ah ! mine iniquity
Crimson hath been ;
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin :
Sin of not loving Thee ;
Sin of not trusting Thee ;
Infinite sin.

3 Lord ! I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin ;
All I am tell I Thee ;
All I have been.
Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day,
Lord ! make me clean.

4 Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all ;
Loving and kind art Thou,
When poor ones call ;
Lord ! let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

5 Then all is peace and light,
This soul within :
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
The loved unseen.
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

Bonar.

LENT.

113

L.M.

- 1 **R**ETURN, O wanderèr ! return,
And seek thy injured Father's face :
These new desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderèr ! return :
God hears thy deep repentant sigh ;
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn
When no intruding ear is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderèr ! return ;
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live :
Go to His feet, and grateful learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderèr ! return :
And wipe away the falling tear ;
'Tis God who says, no longer mourn,
'Tis Jesus' voice invites thee near.
- 5 Return, O wanderèr ! return :
Re-enter mercy's open door ;
The power of sovereign goodness learn,
And never, never wander more. *Noel.*

114

8.6.8.6.4.

- 1 **R**ETURN, O wand'rèr ! to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee ;
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery.
Return ! Return !
- 2 Return, O wand'rèr ! to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee ;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
Oh ! now for refuge flee !
Return ! Return !

LENT.

- 3 Return, O wand'rer ! to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay ;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.
Return ! Return ! *Hastings.*

115

8.8.8.8.4.

- 1 **H**ASTE, traveller, haste, the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone ;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest :
Haste, traveller, haste !
- 2 Oh, far from home thy footsteps stray ;
Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way,
And Christ the Light—yon setting sun
Sinks ere the morn is scarce begun :
Haste, traveller, haste !
- 3 The rising tempest sweeps the sky,
The rain descends, the winds are high ;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path—no refuge near :
Haste, traveller, haste !
- 4 O yes, a shelter you may gain,
A covert from the wind and rain,
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come :
Haste, traveller, haste !
- 5 Then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain ;
Look not behind, make no delay,
Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way :
Haste, traveller, haste !
- 6 Poor, lost, benighted soul, art thou
Willing to find salvation now ?

LENT.

There yet is hope—hear mercy's call—
Truth, life, light, way, in Christ is all !
Haste to Him, haste !

W. B. Collyer, 1829.

116

L.M.

- 1 **H**ASTEN, O sinner ! to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
The longer Wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.
- 2 Oh ! hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Oh ! hasten, sinner ! to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before thy needful work is done.
- 4 Oh ! hasten, sinner ! to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.
- 5 O Lord ! do Thou the sinner turn ;
Now rouse him from his senseless state :
Oh ! let him not Thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late. *T. Scott.*

117

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 **O** JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His name and sign who bear,
Oh shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there.

LENT.

- 2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking :
And lo ! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait !
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate !
- 3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
" I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so ? "
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door :
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more. *W. W. How.*

118

7.7.8.7.8.7.

- 1 **K**NOCKING, knocking, who is there ?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair !
'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before.
Ah ! my soul, for such a wonder,
Wilt thou not undo the door ?
- 2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair ;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.
- 3 Knocking, knocking—what, still there ?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair !
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crownèd hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of the Saviour, waiting there.

LENT.

- 4 Enter, enter, heavenly guest !
Welcome, welcome to my breast !
Long have I withstood Thy knocking,
And my heart was filled with sin,
But Thy love the door hath opened ;
Blessed Saviour, enter in ! *Stowe.*

119

L.M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a Stranger at the door ;
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;
Has waited long, is waiting still ;
You use no other friend so ill.
- 2 But will He prove a friend indeed ?
He will, the very friend you need ;
The Friend of sinners, yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.
- 3 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest ;
Admit Him,—or the hour's at hand,
When at His door denied you'll stand.
- 4 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
If Jesus comes, He comes to reign ;
To reign, and with no partial sway ;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.
- 5 Sov'reign of souls ! Thou Prince of Peace !
O may Thy gentle reign increase ;
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be Thy empire all mankind. *Grigg.*

120

Chant.

- L**ORD, what am I that with unceasing care
Thou didst seek after me,—that Thou
didst wait
Wet with unhealthy dews before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there ?

WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

Oh strange delusion !—that I did not greet
Thy blest approach,—and oh, to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet !
How oft Thy Holy Spirit gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt
see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee ;
And oh, how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came, I answered still,
"To-morrow !" Tr. *Longfellow.*

WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

"A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."—
ISA. liii. 3.

121

L.M

- 1 **R**IDE on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry ;
O Saviour meek ! pursue Thy road
With aims and scattered garments strowed.
- 2 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
O Christ ! Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh :
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

· WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

2 Jesus the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill :
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son :
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 Oh should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
Nor will we only render
The tribute of our words ;
But while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.
Hosanna to Jesus, our King ! King.

124

8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 **W**HAT means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along :
These wondrous gatherings day by day ?
What means this strange commotion, say ?
In accents hushed the throng reply,
" Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

2 Who is this Jesus ? Why should He
The city move so mightily ?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will ?
Again the stirring tones reply,
" Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus ! ' tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod 'mid pain and woe :

WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame ;
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
" Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes ! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry ?—
" Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

5 Ho ! all ye heavy-laden, come !
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home ;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face !
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh :
" Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still His call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Oh ! should He sadly from you turn,
From you who now His pardon spurn,
" Too late ! too late ! " will be the cry—
" Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

Campbell.

125

6.5.6.5.

1 GLORY be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Poured for us the life-blood
From His sacred veins !

2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood we find ;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,

WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem.

4 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan, in confusion,
Terror-struck departs.

5 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

6 Lift ye, then, your voices,
Swell the mighty flood,
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious blood. *Caswall.*

126

7.6.D.

1 O SAVIOUR ! " precious Saviour !"
Whom yet unseen we love,
O name of might and favour !
All other names above :

We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing ;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee,
Our holy Lord and King !

2 O bringer of salvation !
Who wondrously has wrought ;
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought,
We worship Thee, we bless Thee, . . .

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine ;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God ! is Thine :
We worship Thee, we bless Thee, . . .

WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

- 4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above !
- In endless adoration,
And everlasting love :
Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King !
F. R. Havergal.

127

L.M.

- 1 GO worship at Immanuel's feet !
Behold in Him what wonders meet !
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, His glory, or His grace.
- 2 Is He a Star ? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light ;
I know His glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning Star.
- 3 Is He a Sun ? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness ;
Nations rejoice when He appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.
- 4 Is He a Door ? I'll enter in ;
Behold the pastures large and green,
A paradise divinely fair,
None but His sheep have freedom there.
- 5 Is He a Way ? He leads to God ;
The path is drawn in lines of blood ;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.
- 6 Is He a Vine ? His heavenly root
Supplies each branch with life and fruit.
Oh ! be a lasting union mine,
With Christ the everlasting Vine.

WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

- 7 Is He the Head? Each member lives
And owns the vital power He gives;
The saints below and saints above,
Joined by His Spirit, and His love.
- 8 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven His full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace
Till we behold Him face to face.

128

6.5.6.5. D.

- 1 **I**N the hour of trial,
Jesus! pray for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee.
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall;
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.
- 2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or in darker semblance
Cross-crowned Calvary.
- 3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice:
Then, upon Thine altar,
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

- 4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink ;
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord ! receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

J. Montgomery.

129

7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 COMES again the dreadful night,
Justice with its iron rod
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruised the sinless Son of God.
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane !
- 2 View Him, in that dark recess,
Agonizing, bathed in blood !
View thy Saviour's deep distress,
Hark ! He groans—the Son of God ;
Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on Gethsemane !
- 3 Sins against a holy Lord,
Sins against His righteous laws,
Sins against His loving word,
Sins against His Name, His cause,
Sins all boundless as the sea
Weigh'd thee down, Gethsemane !
- 4 Oh what wonders Love hath done !
But how little understood !
God well knows, and God alone,
What produced that sweat of blood.
Who can search thy mystery,
Wonderful Gethsemane !

WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

5 Lord, I have no claim to share
In a favour so divine ;
Yet since sin did bring Thee there,
None have greater sins than mine !
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
But for dark Gethsemane !

130

7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
See Him meekly bearing all !
Oh the pangs His soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete !
" It is finished ! " hear Him cry ;
Trust in Christ, and learn to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay :
All is solitude and gloom :—
Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is risen ; He seeks the skies :
Saviour, teach us so to rise !

Montgomery.

WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

131

7.7.7.7

- 1 **W**HEN my love to Christ grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane !
- 2 There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades ;
See that Suffering, Friendless One
Weeping, praying there alone.
- 3 When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary ! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe ;—
- 4 There behold His agony
Suffered on the bitter tree ;
See His anguish, see His faith,
Love triumphant still in death.
- 5 Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.
- 6 Sing we then to God above
Praise eternal as His love ;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Book of Hymns (1848).

132

P.M.

- 1 **W**HAT hast Thou done for me ? O mighty
Friend,
Who lovest to the end !
Reveal Thyself, that I may now behold
Thy love unknown, untold,
Bearing the curse, and made a curse for me,
That blessed, and made a blessing I might be,

WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

- 2 Oh! Thou wast crowned with thorns, that I
might wear
 A crown of glory, fair ;
 "Exceeding sorrowful," that I might be
 Exceeding glad in Thee ;
 "Rejected and despised," that I might stand
 Accepted and complete on Thy right hand.
- 3 Wounded for my transgression, stricken sore,
 That I might "sin no more ;"
 Weak, that I might be always strong in Thee ;
 Bound, that I might be free ;
 Acquaint with grief, that I might only know
 Fulness of joy in everlasting flow.
- 4 Thine was the chastisement, with no release,
 That mine might be the peace ;
 The bruising and the cruel stripes were Thine,
 That healing might be mine ;
 Thine was the sentence and the condemnation,
 Mine the acquittal and the full salvation.
- 5 For Thee revilings, and a mocking throng,
 For me the angel-song ;
 For Thee the frown, the hiding of God's face,
 For me His smile of grace ;
 Sorrows of hell and bitterest death for Thee,
 And heaven and everlasting life for me.
- 6 Thy cross and passion, and Thy precious
 death,
 While I have mortal breath,
 Shall be my spring of love and work and
 praise,
 The life of all my days ;
 Till all this mystery of love supreme
 Be solved in glory—glory's endless theme.

F. R. Havergal.

GOOD FRIDAY.

GOOD FRIDAY.

"It is finished."—JOHN xix. 30.

133

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 **B**ENEATH the cross of Jesus I fain would
take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty Rock within a weary
land ;
A home within the wilderness, a rest upon the
way,
From the burning of the noontide heat and
the burden of the day.
- 2 O safe and happy shelter, O refuge tried and
sweet,
O trysting-place where Heaven's love and
heaven's justice meet !
As to the holy Patriarch that wondrous dream
was given,
So seems my Saviour's cross to me, a ladder
up to heaven.
- 3 There lies beneath its shadow, but on the
further side,
The darkness of an awful grave that gapes
both deep and wide ;
And there between us stands the cross, two
arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way from
that eternal grave.
- 4 Upon that cross of Jesus, mine eye by faith
can see,
The very dying form of One, who suffered
there for me ;

GOOD FRIDAY.

And from my smitten heart, with tears, two
wonders I confess—

The wonders of His glorious love, and my
own worthlessness.

5 I take the cross of Jesus for my abiding
place ;

I ask no other sunshine than the sunshine of
His face !

Content to let the world go by, to know no
gain nor loss,—

My sinful self, my only shame, my glory all
the cross. *Clapham.*

134

6.6.6.4.8.8.4.

1. BEHOLD the Lamb of God !
O Thou for sinners slain,

Let it not be in vain

That Thou hast died :

Thee for my Saviour let me take,

My only refuge let me make

Thy piercèd side.

2 Behold the Lamb of God ! .

Into the sacred flood

Of Thy most precious blood

My soul I cast :

Wash me and make me clean within,

And keep me pure from every sin,

Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God !

And hail, Incarnate Word,

Thou everlasting Lord,

Saviour most blest ;

Fill us with love that never faints,

Grant us with all Thy blessed Saints

Eternal rest.

GOOD FRIDAY.

- 4 Behold the Lamb of God !
Worthy is He alone
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above ;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All Light and Love.

135

6.6.6.6.7.7.

- 1 LOVE, love divine, I sing ;
L My slumbering harp I'll take,
And bid its silent strings
To heavenly themes awake :
Peaceful let its breathings be
When I sing of Calvary.
- 2 Love, love on earth appears,
The wretched throng His way ;
He beareth all their griefs,
He wipes their tears away :
Soft and sweet the strain should be,
Saviour, when I sing of Thee.
- 3 He saw me as He passed
In hopeless sorrow lie,
Condemned and doomed to death,
And no salvation nigh :
Loud and long the strain should be
When I sing His love to me.
- 4 "I die for thee" He said—
Behold the cross arise ;
And lo ! He bows His head—
He bows His head and dies :
Soft, my harp, thy breathing be,
Let me weep on Calvary.

GOOD FRIDAY.

- 5 He lives ! again He lives !
 I hear the voice of love,
 He comes to soothe my fears,
 And draw my soul above :
Joyful now the strain should be
 When I sing of Calvary.

Mrs. Southey.

136

8.7.4.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the voice of love and mercy :
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky ;
 " It is finished ! "
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 " It is finished ! " Oh ! what pleasure
 Do these wondrous words afford !
Heavenly blessings without measure
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 " It is finished ! "
 Saints ! the dying words record.
- 3 Finished all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law ;
Finished all that God had promised ;
 Death and hell no more shall awe.
 " It is finished ! "
 Saints ! from hence your comfort draw !
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs !
 Join to sing the glorious theme ;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Emmanuel's name !
 " Hallelujah ! "
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

J. Evans, 1784.

GOOD FRIDAY.

137

L.M.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord ! that I should boast
Save in the cross of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. *Watts.*

138

S.M.

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

GOOD. FRIDAY.

- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love. *Watts.*

139

C.M.

- 1 **A**LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die ?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might confusion veil my face,
While Jesus' cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord ! I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do. *Watts.*

140

L.M.

- 1 **W**E sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, " God is love ;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

GOOD FRIDAY.

- 3 The cross ! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up :
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

Kelly.

141

7.7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 **R**OCK of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Vile, I to the Fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour ! or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,

GOOD FRIDAY.

When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne ;—
Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ! *Teplady.*

142

8.6.8.6.8.6.

- 1 **O** CHRIST ! what burdens bowed Thy head !
Our load was laid on Thee ;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead ;
Didst bear all ill for me.
A victim led, Thy blood was shed ;
Now there's no load for me.
- 2 Death and the curse were in our cup :
O Christ ! 'twas full for Thee !
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop,
'Tis empty now for me :
That bitter cup, love drank it up,
Now blessing's draught for me.
- 3 The Father lifted up His rod :
O Christ ! it fell on Thee !
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God ;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed ;
Thy bruising healeth me.
- 4 Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee !
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake,
Thy heart its sheath must be :
All for my sake, my peace to make,
Now sleeps that sword for me.
- 5 The Holy One did hide His face—
O Christ, 'twas hid from Thee ;
Great darkness wrapt Thy soul a space—
The darkness due to me.
*But now that face of radiant grace
Shines forth in light on me.*

GOOD FRIDAY.

- 6 For me, Lord Jesus ! Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee :
Thou'rt ris'n—my bands are all untied ;
And now Thou liv'st in me :
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy glory then for me !

143

8.7.8.7.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I rest, in wonder viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
- 4 May I, all my weakness feeling,
Still to my Redeemer go,
Prove His death each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know.
- 5 Lord ! in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my thankful heart on Thee ;
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thy unveiled glory see. *Allen, 1757.*

144

C.M.

- 1 THERE is a green hill far away
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

EASTER EVE.

- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin ;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.
- 5 O dearly, dearly, has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do. *C. F. Alexander.*
-

EASTER EVE.

"A sepulchre . . . There laid they Jesus."—JOHN
xix. 41, 42.

145

7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 **H**OLY Slumberer, rest in peace !
Now Thy toils and conflicts cease ;
Now the glorious victory won,
Death and Satan overthrown ;
Soon will burst the exulting strain,
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain !"
- 2 We are watching round Thy tomb ;
Angel wings flit through the gloom,
And the blissful morn draws nigh
When, through earth, and air, and sky,
Shall the wondrous news be spread—
"Christ is risen from the dead !"

EASTER EVE.

3 Happy those who saw Thee then,
"Fairer than the sons of men ;"
Happy those to whom 'twas given
To behold Thee rise to Heaven !
We a blessing too receive,
"Who, not having seen, believe."

4 Saviour of once ruined man !
Sealed is the stupendous plan :
On its bright triumphant close
Firmly all our hopes repose.
Oh ! to feel each day, each hour,
More Thy resurrection's power.

146

P.M.

1 **R**EST, weary heart !

The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
For all thy sins full satisfaction made.
Strive not to do thyself what Christ hath done :
The gift is His to thee, the joy thine own ;
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distrest,
Rest, weary heart !

2 Rest, weary heart !

From all thy silent griefs and secret pain,
Thy profitless regrets and longings vain ;
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,
All shall be blessedness and light at last ;
Cast off the cares that have so long oppress ;
Rest, sweetly rest !

3 Rest, weary soul !

Thy body may be placed within a tomb—
Light from above has broken through its
gloom—

Here is the place where once thy Saviour lay ;
And till the glorious resurrection day,
Thou shalt upon thy loving Saviour's breast,
Rest, sweetly rest !

EASTER EVE.

- 4 Rest, evermore,
At rest are all upon the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more ;
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of life eternal led,
For ever with thy God and Saviour blest,
All safely rest !

147

L.M.

- 1 **H**E dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around :
A solemn darkness veils the skies :
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Draw near and trace in sad review
His grief, Who bowed beneath your load :
He gave His precious life for you,
The ransom of your souls to God.
- 3 Yet see ! the Lord forsakes the tomb ;
In vain His foes forbid His rise :
Angelic legions guard Him home,
And hail His welcome to the skies.
- 4 Cease, cease your tears, ye saints ! and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns :
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the captive death in chains.
- 5 Sing—" Live for ever, wondrous King !
Born to redeem, and strong to save ;
Thine arm has torn from death its sting,
And won the vict'ry from the grave."

Watts.

148

7.6.7.6. D

- 1 **H**ERE Thou hast stood, Lord Jesus,
Beside the still, cold grave,
And proved Thy dear compassion
And mighty power to save.

EASTER EVE.

Thy tears of tender pity
And sympathy declare
That still for us Thou feelest,
And dost our sorrows share.

2 Here Thou hast lain, Lord Jesus,
Thyself the victim then ;
The Lord of life and glory,
Once slain for guilty men.
From sin and condemnation,
When none but Thou could'st save ;
Thy love than death was stronger
And deeper than the grave.

3 Here Thou hast been, Lord Jesus,
But Thou art here no more ;
The terror and the darkness,
The night of death, are o'er.
Great Captain of salvation,
Thy triumphs now we sing ;
O grave, where is thy victory ?
O death, where is thy sting ?

4 We wait for Thine appearing,
We weep, but we rejoice ;
In all our depths of sorrow
We still can hear Thy voice :
“ I am the resurrection,
I live who once was slain ;
Fear not, thy friend and brother
Shall rise with me to reign ! ”

149

7.7.7.7.7.

1 **D**ARK and dim the daylight rose,
Destined with Thy life to close ;
With the life Thou didst assume
As Thy passport through the tomb ;
But a drop in the great sea,
Lord, of Thine eternity.

EASTER EVE.

- 2 Thy dear arms outstretch'd we see,
Drawing the whole world to Thee ;
And that Head so meekly bow'd
'Neath the momentary cloud,
Breathes, with its departing breath,
Life accomplishèd in death.
- 3 Saviour of Thy people ! now,
With Thy wounded hands and brow,
Gone to plead beside the throne
Thy redemption for Thine own,
Grace to seek in large supplies
Even for Thine enemies,—
- 4 Hear us when to Thee we cry,
Make us feel that Thou art nigh ;
Help us when, in time of need,
We Thy great deliverance plead ;
Cleanse us with Thy precious blood,
O Thou gentle Lamb of God.
- 5 By Thy mercy and Thy love,
Hear us, Lord in heaven above ;
Be Thine eye our leading star,
Guiding upward from afar ;
Here,—the Surety, Thou art nigh ;
There,—the blest Reality ! *Monsell.*

150

C.M.

- 1 **PLUNGED** in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eye the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and oh ! amazing love !
He came to our relief.

EASTER.

- 3 Down from His glorious seat above
On wings of love He fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh ! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels ! assist our mighty joys ;
Strike all your harps of gold !
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told. *Watts.*
-

EASTER.

"He shall see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied."—ISA. liii.

"Now is Christ risen, and become the firstfruits of them that slept."—1 COR. xv. 20.

"Raised again for our justification."—ROM. iv. 25.

151

P.M.

- 1 CHRIST is risen ! Christ is risen !
He hath burst His bonds in twain ;
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
Alleluia ! swell the strain !
For our gain He suffered loss,
By Divine decree
He hath died upon the cross,
But our God is He.
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
He hath burst His bonds in twain ;
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
Alleluia ! swell the strain !

EASTER.

- 2 See, the chains of death are broken ;
Earth below and Heaven above,
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, Lord of love ;
He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side,
Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His bride.
- 3 Glorious angels, downward thronging,
Hail the Lord of all the skies ;
Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the Word incarnate, cries,
" Christ is risen ! " Earth, rejoice !
Gleam, ye starry train !
All creation, find a voice ;
He o'er all shall reign. *Gurney.*

152

7.7.7.7.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say ;
Raise your songs and triumphs high ;
Sing, ye heavens ! thou earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done ;
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids His rise ;
Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King !
Where, O death ! is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save ;
Where's thy victory, O grave ?

EASTER.

- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head :
Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 Hail ! the Lord of earth and heaven !
Praise to Thee by both be given !
Thee we greet triumphant now !
Hail ! the Resurrection Thou ! *C. Wesley.*

153

7.7.7.7.

- 1 **J**ESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Hallelujah !
Our triumphant holy day ;
Who did once upon the cross,
Suffer to redeem our loss.
- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Hallelujah !
Unto Christ, our heavenly King ;
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
- 3 But the pain which He endured, Hallelujah !
Our salvation hath procured ;
Now above the'sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.

154

8.7.8.7.8.7.

- 1 **H**ALLELUJAH, He is risen !
Jesus is gone up on high !
Burst the bars of death asunder ;
Angels, shout ; and men, reply—
He is risen, He is risen,
Living now, no more to die.
- 2 Hallelujah, He is risen !
Our exalted Head to be ;
Sends the witness of the Spirit
That our Advocate is He :
He is risen, He is risen,
Justified in Him are we.

EASTER.

3 Hallelujah, He is risen !
Death for aye hath lost his sting,
Christ, Himself the Resurrection,
From the grave His own will bring :
He is risen, He is risen,
Living Lord, and coming King. *Lyte.*

155

P.M.

1 **S**OUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark
sea,

Jehovah hath triumphed, His people are free ;
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken ;
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and
brave.

How vain was their boasting ; the Lord hath
but spoken, [wave.

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
Sound the loud timbrel, . . .

2 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord ;
His word was our arrow—His breath was
our sword ;

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her
pride ?

The Lord hath looked out from His pillar of
glory, [tide.

All, all her brave thousands are dashed in the
Sound the loud timbrel, . . .

3 Sound the high praises of Jesus our King,
He came and He conquered ; His victory sing ;
Sing, for the power of the tyrant is broken,
The triumph complete over death and the
grave.

Vain is their boasting, Jehovah hath spoken ;
And Jesus proclaimed Himself mighty to save.

Sound the high praises, . . .

EASTER.

- 4 Praise to the conqueror, praise to the Lord,
The enemy quailed at the might of His word ;
To heaven He ascends and unfolds the glad
story,
The last of the blessed exult in His fame.
In love He looks down from the throne of
His glory,
And rescues the ruined who trust in His name.
Sound the high praises, . . .

Moore

156

8.7.8.7.7.

- 1 CHRIST is risen ! Christ is risen !
Tell it with a joyful voice ;
He hath burst His three days' prison !
Let the whole wide earth rejoice ;
Death is conquered, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.
- 2 Come with high and holy gladness,
Chant our Lord's triumphal lay ;
Not one touch of twilight sadness
Dims the glorious morning ray
Breaking o'er the purple east,
Symbol of our joyous feast.
- 3 Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
He hath opened heaven's gate ;
We are free from sin's dark prison—
Risen to a holier state ;
Soon a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

C. F. Alexander.

157

7.8.7.8.4.

- 1 JESUS lives ! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death ! appal us ;
Jesus lives ! by this we know
Thou, O Grave ! canst not enthrall us.
Hallelujah !

EASTER.

- 2 Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal
Hallelujah !
- 3 Jesus lives ! for us He died :
Then, alone, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Hallelujah !
- 4 Jesus lives ! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever :
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Hallelujah !
- 5 Jesus lives ! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given ;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven !
Hallelujah !
Gellert.

158

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 THE happy morn is come ;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save ;
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth who was dead.
- 2 Who now accuses them
For whom their Surety died ?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified ?
- 3 Christ hath the ransom paid ;
The glorious work is done :
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won :

ASCENSION.

4 To God, the risen Son,
Father, and Spirit blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addressed ! *Haweis.*

ASCENSION.

*"Lift up your heads, O ye gates . . . and the King
of Glory shall come in."—PSALM xxiv. 7.*

159

7.7.7.7.

- 1 **H**AIL the day that sees Him rise
Glorious to His native skies ;
Christ the Lamb for sinners given
Enters now the gates of Heaven.
- 2 There the splendid triumph waits
Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Christ has vanquish'd death and sin :
Take the King of glory in.
- 3 Lo ! the heaven its Lord receives ;
Yet He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
- 4 See, He lifts His hands above !
See, He shows the prints of love !
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below !
- 5 Hark ! for us He intercedes,
His prevailing death He pleads ;
He, the first-fruits of our race,
Near Himself prepares our place.
- 6 Lord, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon radiant height !
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies.

ASCENSION.

7 Soon we shall to Home attain,
Partners of Thine endless reign,—
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

Wesley

160

8.7.4.

- 1 **L**OOK, ye saints ! the sight is glorious !
See the Man of Sorrows now,
From the fight returned victorious !
Every knee to Him shall bow :
Crown Him ! crown Him !
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour ; angels, crown Him !
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings :
Crown Him ! crown Him !
Crown the Saviour " King of kings !"
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him ;
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim :
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name :
Crown Him ! crown Him !
Spread abroad the Victor's fame !
- 4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !
Hark ! those loud triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station
Oh ! what joy the sight affords !
Crown Him ! crown Him !
" King of kings, and Lord of lords !"

Cennick.

161

P.M.

- 1 **G**OD is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high,
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory !

ASCENSION.

- 2 Now empty are the courts of death,
And crushed thy sting, despair ;
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
For Jesus hath been there !
- 3 And He hath tamed the strength of hell,
And dragged him through the sky,
And captive, behind His chariot wheel,
He hath bound captivity !
- 4 God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high ;
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory !

Heber.

162

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 GOD is gone up on high :
With a triumphant noise
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King !
- 2 God in the flesh below,
For us He reigns above :
Let all the nations know
Our Jesus' conquering love.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King !
- 3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given ;
By angel hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven :
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King !
- 4 High on His holy seat
He bears His righteous sway ;

ASCENSION.

His foes beneath His feet
Shall sink and die away :
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King !

- 5 Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join ;
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King ! *C. Wesley.*

163 6.5.6.5. D., with Chorus.

- 1 GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King :
Christ the King of glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.

All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended !
Glory to our King !

- 2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die :
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.
- 3 Praying for His children,
In that blessed place,

ASCENSION.

Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace ;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones ! for you ;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

F. R. Havergal.

164

C.M.

- 1 **L**IFT up your heads, eternal gates !
Unfold to entertain
The King of Glory ; see, He comes
With His celestial train !
- 2 Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
The Lord for strength renowned ;
In battle mighty, o'er His foes
Eternal Victor crowned.
- 3 Lift up your heads, ye gates ! unfold
In state to entertain
The King of Glory ; see, He comes
With all His shining train !
- 4 Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
The Lord of Hosts renowned ;
Of glory He alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Immortal glory be,
Who was, and is, and shall be still
To all eternity.

Brady and Tate (1696).

165

8.7.8.7. D.

- 1 **H**AIL ! Thou once despised Jesus !
Hail, Thou Galilean King !
Thou didst suffer to release us ;
Thou didst free salvation bring :

ASCENSION.

Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour !
Bearer of our sin and shame ;
By Thy merits we find favour ;
Life is given through Thy Name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid ;
By almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made :
Every sin may be forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood ;
Opened is the gate of heaven ;
Peace is made 'tween man and God.

3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side :
There for sinners Thou art pleading ;
There Thou dost our place prepare :
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear. *Bakewell, 1757.*

166

C.M.

1 **T**HE Head that once was crowned with
thorns
Is crowned with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

ASCENSION.

- 4 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.
- 5 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him :
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme. *Kelly.*

167

L.M.

- 1 **W**HERE high the heavenly temple
stands,
The house of God, not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears ;
The Guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who, for men, their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan ;
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 There as our Advocate He reigns,
Touch'd with the feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows hath a part :
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To keep us in the trying hour. *Bruce.*

WHITSUNTIDE.

WHITSUNTIDE.

"The promise of My Father."—LUKE xxiv. 49.

168

8.8.8.8.8.8.

- 1 CREATOR Spirit ! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind :
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.
- 2 Thou Strength of His Almighty hand,
Whose power doth heaven and earth
command,
Thrice Holy Fount ! thrice Holy Fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy ;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee :
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.
- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name !
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died !
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Spirit, paid to Thee. *Dryden.*

169

7.7.7.7.

- 1 GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer !
Hail, O gracious Comforter,
Promise of our parting Lord,
To His throne in heaven restored !

WHITSUNTIDE.

- 2 God, the everlasting God,
Makes with mortals His abode,
He, Whom heaven cannot contain,
Dwelleth in the heart of man.
- 3 There He helps our feeble moans,
Deepens our imperfect groans ;
Intercedes in silence there,
Sighs the unutterable prayer.
- 4 Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
Lighten there Thy heavenly fire ;
Day by day our life renew,
Thou the Gift and Giver too.
- 5 Brood Thou o'er our nature's night,
Kindle darkness into light ;
Spread Thy overshadowing wings,
Order from confusion springs.
- 6 Pain, and sin, and sorrow cease ;
Thee we taste and all is peace ;
Joy divine in Thee we prove,
Light of truth and fire of love.
- J. Wesley.*

170

8.6.8.4.

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

WHITSUNTIDE.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace !
Our weakness, pitying, see :
Oh ! make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
And meet for Thee. *Auber.*

171

C.M.

1 **W**HEN God of old came down from Heaven,
In power and wrath He came ;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame :

2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down,
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 And as on Israel's awestruck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud ;

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

6 It fills the Church of God, it fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

WHITSUNTIDE.

- 7 Come, Lord, come, Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear ;
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. *Keble.*

172 7.7.7.7.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love Divine !
Let Thy light around us shine :
All our guilty fears remove,
Fill us with Thy peace and love.
- 2 Pardon to the contrite give ;
Bid the wounded sinner live ;
Lead us to the Lamb of God ;
Wash us in His precious Blood.
- 3 Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,
Comfort every troubled breast ;
Life, and joy, and peace impart,
Sanctifying every heart.
- 4 Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
• Keep us in the heavenly way ;
Bring us to Thy courts above,
Realms of light and endless love.

173 8.7.8.7.7.8.8.

- 1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night :
Come, Thou Source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light !
Loving Spirit, God of Peace,
Great Distributer of grace,
Rest upon this congregation !
Hear, O hear, our supplication !
- 2 Manifest Thy love for ever ;
Fence us in on every side ;
In distress be Thou our Helper,
Guard and teach, support and guide :

WHITSUNTIDE.

Let Thy kind, effectual grace
Turn our feet from evil ways :
Show Thyself our new Creator,
And conform us to Thy nature !

- 3 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend ;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, and God can send :
O Thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us Thy illumination !
Rest upon this congregation.

Tr. *Augustus M. Toplady*, 1776.

174

L.M.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray ;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest :
Lead us to heaven, its joys to share :
Fullness of joy for ever there. *Broune.*

175

7.7.7.7.

- 1 HOLY Ghost, Thou light Divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine ;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

WHITSUNTIDE.

- 2 Holy Ghost, Thou power Divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine ;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, Thou joy Divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine ;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Ghost, Thou love Divine,
Draw this wand'ring heart of mine ;
Fix my mind on things above,
Where is Christ, the King of love.
- 5 Holy Spirit, all Divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine ;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme and reign alone.

176

7.7.7.5.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost ! the Infinite,
Shine upon our nature's night
With Thy blessed inward light,
Comforter Divine !
- 2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord !
Sick and faint ; Thy strength afford :
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine !
- 3 Like the dew Thy peace distil ;
Guide, subdue, our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine !
- 4 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine !

WHITSUNTIDE.

- 5 Gentle, loving, Holy Guest,
Make Thy Temple in each breast,
There Thy presence be confess'd,
Comforter Divine.
- 6 In us "Abba, Father," cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine !
- 7 Search for us the depths of God,
Bear us up the starry road
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter Divine !

177

S.M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit ! come !
Let Thy bright beams arise !
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith ;
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breast the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul ;
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our breasts,
Our minds from bondage free ;
So shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee. Hart.

WHITSUNTIDE.

178

7.7.7.6.

- 1 **I**N the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !
- 2 When I lie upon my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
Or with doubts disquieted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !
- 3 When o'er earth the night is deep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !
- 4 When the tempter me pursueth
With the sins of all my youth,
And condemns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !
- 5 When the judgment is reveal'd,
And that opened which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

Herrick, 1670.

179

7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal,
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.
- 2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear,

WHITSUNTIDE.

And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would tender be,
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour ;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail,
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would holy be ;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be
Give to Him, Who gave me Thee !

T. T. Lynch (1818-1871).

180

S.M.

1 **R**EVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare ;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death :
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee ;
And hungering for the bread of life,
Oh, may our spirits be !

WHITSUNTIDE.

- 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious name ;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.
- 5 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
Give power unto Thy Word,
Grant that Thy blessed gospel may
With living faith be heard.
- 6 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers ;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours !

Midlane, 1860.

181

6.4.6.4.

- 1 SWEET Holy Spirit, come,
Dwell with a child,
Make of my heart a home
All undefiled.
- 2 Come when that heart is weak,
And sins are strong,
When evil voices speak,
Tempting to wrong.
- 3 Come in the early light
Of welcome day ;
That I begin aright,
Help me to pray.
- 4 Come when alone I lie
Waiting for sleep ;
Then, drawing gently nigh,
Kind vigils keep.
- 5 Come when, all pale and still,
Dying I lie,
With Thy fair radiance fill
Faint lip and eye.

WHITSUNTIDE.

6 Come, comfort, carry me
Through death's dark tide,
Lead me up lovingly
Safe to Christ's side.

182

C.M.

1 **T**HY home is with the humble, Lord ;
The lowly shall be blest ;
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts ;
Thou makest there Thy Rest.

2 Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and holy ways
I'll build a Rest for Thee !

3 Who made this beating heart of mine,
But Thou, my heavenly Guest ?
Let no one have it, then, but Thee,
And let it be Thy Rest.

183

8.8.

COME, Holy Ghost ! our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire !

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love :
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home :
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One ;
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song—

*"Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !"*

Cosm.

THE HOLY AND BLESSED TRINITY.

THE HOLY, BLESSED, AND GLORIOUS
TRINITY.

"*Holy, Holy, Holy.*"—ISA. vi. 3.

"*Baptizing them in the name of the Father, the Son,
and the Holy Ghost.*"—MATT. xxviii. 19.

184

P.M.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise
to Thee ;
Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity !
- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea ;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide
Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may
not see,
Only Thou art holy ; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth,
and sky, and sea ;
Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity ! *Heber.*

185

6.6.8.4. D.

- 1 THE God who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing,
And "Holy, Holy, Holy !" cry,
Almighty King !

THE HOLY AND BLESSED TRINITY.

Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be,
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship Thee.

- 2 Before the Saviour's face
The ransom'd nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace,
For ever new.
He shows His prints of love ;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound, through all the worlds above,
The slaughter'd Lamb !
- 3 Before the great Three-One,
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land ;
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing in songs which never end
The wondrous Name.
- 4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high :
" Hail ! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ! "
They ever cry :
Hail ! Abraham's God and mine !
I join the heavenly lays ;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise ! *Olivers, 1770.*

186

8.7.8.7.

BRIGHT the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer ;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

THE HOLY AND BLESSED TRINITY.

- 2 Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn :—
- 3 “ Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord ! ”
- 4 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry—
“ Holy, Holy, Holy,”—singing,
“ Lord of hosts, the Lord most high ! ”
- 5 With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow :
- 6 Thus, Thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt Thy angels' cry,
“ Holy, Holy, Holy,”—blessing
“ Thee, the Lord of hosts most high ! ”

Bishop Mant, 1837.

187

L.M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of heaven ! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy pardoning love extend !
- 2 Almighty Son ! Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy saving grace extend !
- 3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy quickening power extend.

THE HOLY AND BLESSED TRINITY.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend ! *Cowper.*

188

8.7.4.

1 **L**EAD us, heavenly Father ! lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee ;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour ! breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
All our weakness Thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God ! descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy :
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. *Edmeston.*

189

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1 **T**HOU ! whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight :
Hear us, we humbly pray ;
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light !

2 Thou ! who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight ;

THE HOLY AND BLESSED TRINITY.

Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh ! now to all mankind
Let there be light !

3 Spirit of truth and love !
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight !
Move o'er the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light !

4 Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity !
Wisdom, Love, Might !
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the world, far and wide,
Let there be light ! *Marriott.*

190

7.7.7.5.

1 **T**HREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights, with morning shine,
Lift on us Thy light divine :
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights, when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven ;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.

4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee ;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

THE HOLY AND BLESSED TRINITY.

191

7.7.7.7.

- 1 **G**LORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live.
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight His ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King !
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain !
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost !
Be this day a Pentecost !
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire !
- 4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that " God is love !"

Montgomery.

192

8.8.6.

- 1 **T**O Thee, Creator, in whose love
Unnumbered creatures live and move,
Sing we Hallelujah !
- 2 To Thee, our Ruler, by whose power
Worlds, thrones, and nations governed are :
- 3 To Thee, our Judge, who dost award
Our tribulation, rest, reward :
- 4 To Thee, Almighty, in whose grace
Is our defence and hiding-place :
- 5 To Thee, our Father, and our Friend,
Whose love unchanging knows no end :
- 6 *To Thee*, all-merciful, whose ear
Bows down to seek our lowliest prayer :

THE HOLY AND BLESSED TRINITY.

- 7 To Thee, our glory, wisdom, light,
Our rock, salvation, comfort, might :
8 To Thee, and to Thy blessed Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Sing we Hallelujah ! *M. B. W.*

193

8.8.6.

- 1 **T**O Him who for our sins was slain,
To Him, for all His dying pain,
Sing we Hallelujah !
2 To Him, the Lamb, our sacrifice,
Who gave His life our ransom-price :
3 To Him who died, that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high :
4 To Him who rose, that we might rise
And reign with Him beyond the skies :
5 To Him who now for us doth plead
And helpeth us in all our need :
6 To Him who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality :
7 To Him be glory evermore !
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore !
8 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, for aye, our joy and boast,
Sing we Hallelujah ! *Russell.*

194

8.8.6.

- 1 **T**O Thee, O Comforter divine !
For all Thy grace and power benign,
Sing we Hallelujah.
2 To Thee, Whose faithful love had place
In God's great covenant of grace :
3 To Thee, Whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin :

THE KINGDOM AND GLORY OF GOD.

- 4 To Thee, Whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal :
 - 5 To Thee, Whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own :
 - 6 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end :
 - 7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown :
 - 8 To Thee, Who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever one :
Sing we Hallelujah. *F. R. Havergal.*
-

*THE KINGDOM, POWER, AND GLORY
OF GOD.*

"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty ; for all that is in the Heaven and in the earth is Thine ; Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as Head above all."—1 CHRON. xxix. 11.

195

L.M.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

THE KINGDOM AND GLORY OF GOD.

- 4 Wide as the world is Thy command ;
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.
Watts, Wesley.

196

C.M.

- 1 **M**Y God ! how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light.
- 2 How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.
- 3 O how I fear Thee, living God !
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.
- 4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord !
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 5 O then this weak and lowly heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee, for Thyself,
And for Thy glory's sake. *Faber.*

197

L.M.

- 1 **W**ITH glory clad, with might array'd,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 The swelling floods in tumult rise,
Aloud the angry tempests roar,
They lift their surges to the skies,
And foam, and lash the sounding shore.

THE KINGDOM AND GLORY OF GOD.

3 The Lord, the mighty God from high,
Controls the wild and wintry seas ;
He gives the word : their murmurs die,
And down they sink in silent peace.

4 O Saviour ! make Thy servants pure,
And calm our souls that proudly swell,
For all Thy laws are fixed and sure,
And peace becomes Thy temple well !

Heber.

198

10.10.11.11.

1 **O**H ! worship the King, all glorious above !
Oh ! gratefully sing His power and His
love !

Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

2 Oh ! tell of His might ! Oh ! sing of His grace !
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space,
Whose chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
clouds form ;
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty ! Thy power hath founded of old !
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a girdle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the
plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail !
Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !

Grant.

THE KINGDOM AND GLORY OF GOD.

199

C.M. D.

1 SAVIOUR Divine, Thou art my King ;
My King in heaven above ;
Low at Thy feet myself I fling,
And long to show my love.
But dare I any words employ
To speak of love to Thee,
Who didst endure so much with joy
To show Thy love to me ?

2 Oh ! yes, I dare to speak of love ;
For all this love of mine
Descended on me from above,
A royal gift of Thine.
But, Lord ! send forth in clearer stream
This first, this noblest grace,
That brighter still the love may beam,
Reflected from Thy face.

3 Thy servant then, my King ! to be
I'll reckon a delight ;
The heaviest burden borne for Thee
Becomes a service light :
A loyal subject I would be,
A very slave of Thine ;
But all Thy slaves have liberty,—
A liberty divine.

4 And as this bright, this heaven-born joy
Shall through my nature thrill,
Then shall it be my glad employ
To do Thy Sovereign will.
And may my constant tribute be,
A humble heart to bring,
Each day more closely knit to Thee,
My own true Lord and King.

Hobson. 1879.

THE KINGDOM AND GLORY OF GOD.

200

C.M. D.

1 JESUS is God ! the solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That fill the skies at night,
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant, wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

2 Jesus is God ! The glorious bands
Of holy angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King,
He was true God in Bethlehem,
On Calvary's cross true God,
He, who in heaven eternal reigned,
In time on earth abode.

3 Jesus is God ! If on the earth
This blessed faith decays,
More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise,
Oh had we but an angel's voice
We would proclaim aloud,
Jesus, the good, the glorious,
Is everlasting God ! *Faber.*

201

C.M.

1 A LL-HAIL, the power of Jesu's name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all !

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

THE KINGDOM AND GLORY OF GOD.

- 3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race !
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners ! ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 6 Oh ! that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall !
There join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all ! *Perronet.*

202

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 **R**EJOICE ! The Lord is King !
Your God and King adore ;
Mortals ! give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice !
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail ;
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour given.

THE KINGDOM AND GLORY OF GOD.

- 4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope ;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !
C. Wesley.

203

S.M. D.

- 1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne !
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee ;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.
- 2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son !
The God incarnate born,
Whose conquering arm those trophies won
Which now His brow adorn.
The Saviour long foretold,
The branch of Jesse's stem,
The eternal Shepherd of His fold,
The Babe of Bethlehem !
- 3 Crown Him the Lord of life !
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife,
For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die !

THE KINGDOM AND GLORY OF GOD.

- 4 Crown Him the Lord of Might,
The King of kings alone,
Maker of all, serene and bright,
On His eternal Throne ;
On the broad sea of light,
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect His Throne,—the Infinite !
Who lives, and loves, and saves !

Bridges.

204

7.7.7.7.D.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the song of Jubilee !
Loud as mighty thunders roar ;
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore.
Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign ;
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See, Jehovah's banner's furled,
Sheathed His sword : He speaks, 'tis done ;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway :
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away :
Then the end :—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall :
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God, in Christ, is all in all !

Montgomery.

GRACE, LOVE, AND FELLOWSHIP.

205

8.6.8.6.

- 1 MY God, my King, Thy praise I sing,
My heart is all Thine own :
My highest powers, my choicest hours
I yield to Thee alone.
- 2 My voice, awake, thy part to take ;
My soul, the concert join ;
Till all around shall catch the sound
And mix their hymns with mine.
- 3 But man is weak Thy praise to speak :
Your God, ye angels, sing,
'Tis yours to see, more near than we,
The glories of our King.
- 4 His truth and grace fill time and space,
As large His honours be ;
Till all that live their homage give,
And praise my God with me. *Lyte.*

GRACE, LOVE, AND FELLOWSHIP.

*"Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His
Son Jesus Christ."*—1 JOHN i. 3.

206

8.7.8.7.4.7.

- 1 SOVEREIGN grace o'er sin abounding
Ransomed souls the tidings swell ;
'Tis a deep that knows no sounding,
Who its breadth or length can tell ?
On its glories
Let my soul for ever dwell.
- 2 What from Christ my soul shall sever,
Bound by everlasting bands ?
Once in Him, in Him for ever ;
Thus the eternal covenant stands ;
None shall pluck me
From the Strength of Israel's hands.

GRACE, LOVE, AND FELLOWSHIP.

3 Heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus,
Long ere time its race begun ;
To His name eternal praises !
Oh, what wonders love hath done !
One with Jesus,
By eternal union one.

4 On such love, my soul, still ponder,
Love so great, so rich, so free ;
Say, whilst lost in holy wonder,
Why, O Lord, such love to me ?
Hallelujah !
Grace shall reign eternally !

John Kent. 1827.

207

8.7.8.7. D.

1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing !
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace :
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious measure
Sung by ransomed saints above ;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home !

3 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

GRACE, LOVE, AND FELLOWSHIP.

Prone to wander, Lord ! I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart, Lord ! take and seal it ;
Seal it for Thy courts above. *Robinson.*

208

8.8.6.8.8.6.

- 1 **H**ARK ! how the blood-bought host above
Conspire to praise redeeming love,
In sweet harmonious strains ;
And while they strike their golden lyres
This glorious theme each bosom fires,
That grace triumphant reigns.
- 2 We'll join the song ; for we can tell
How sovereign grace dissolved the spell,
That kept us bound in chains ;
And still, from that auspicious day,
How oft we've been constrained to say,
That grace triumphant reigns.
- 3 Grace, till the tribes redeemed by blood
Are brought to know themselves and God,
Its empire shall maintain.
To call, when He appoints the day,
And from the mighty take the prey,
Shall grace triumphant reign.
- 4 When called to meet our glorious Head,
That perfect love shall banish dread,
Which now our soul sustains ;
And, as we rise to endless day,
We'll raise our voice, and boldly say,
Grace—grace triumphant reigns. *Kent.*

209

8.8.6.8.8.6.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art,
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee ?

GRACE, LOVE, AND FELLOWSHIP.

- I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger His love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable :
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God ;
Oh ! that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart :
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord ! be mine,
Be mine this better part !
- 4 Oh that I could for ever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet ;
Be this my happy choice :
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

C. Wesley.

210

8.7.8.7.

- 1 GOD is love ; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we move ;
Bliss He gives, and woe He lightens :
God is light, and God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever,
Worlds decay, and ages move,
But His mercy waneth never :
God is light, and God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove ;
From the mist His brightness streameth :
God is light, and God is love.

GRACE, LOVE, AND FELLOWSHIP.

- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Everywhere His glory shineth :
God is light, and God is love. *Stowell.*

211

L.M.

- 1 **O** TASTE and see that He is good,
The King of heaven, who reigns on high !
His truth through ages firm hath stood,
His mercy reaches to the sky.
- 2 Good in the sunshine and the shower,
When summer skies are bright and warm :
Good, when the wintry tempests lower,
Amidst the whirlwind and the storm.
- 3 Good, when He smites, and when He heals,
And when He gives, or takes away :
Good, when His goodness He conceals,
In sorrow's dark and cloudy day.
- 4 O taste and see that He is wise !
Who chastens sore with grief and pain ;
Then bids the light in darkness rise,
To cheer the mourner's heart again.
- 5 Oh ! teach us, Lord ! to trust Thy love,
To taste Thy goodness, and adore !
In clearer light Thy saints above
Shall see and praise Thee evermore. *Birks.*

212

8.7.8.7.D.

- 1 **S**OULS of men ! why will ye scatter
Like a flock of straying sheep ?
Erring hearts ! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep ?
Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His feet ?

GRACE, LOVE, AND FELLOWSHIP.

- 2 It is God : His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems !
'Tis our Father, and His fondness
Goes far out, beyond our dreams.
There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea :
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
- 3 There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven ;
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind ;
And the heart of the eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed ;
There is joy for all the Members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

213

P.M.

- 1 **T**H**E**RE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold ;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
- 2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee ?"
But the Shepherd made answer : "This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me ;

GRACE, LOVE, AND FELLOWSHIP.

And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed ;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

- 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the
way,
That mark out the mountain's track ?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord ! whence are Thy hands so rent and
torn ?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

- 5 And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice ! I have found My sheep !"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own !"
Clephana.

214

P.M.

- 1 I WAS wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto me ;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me :
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O wand'ring souls ! come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me ;
I am the Shepherd true.

GRACE, LOVE, AND FELLOWSHIP.

- 2 At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow ;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow ;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way, . . .
- 3 At last I stopped to listen,
His Voice could not deceive me ;
I saw His kind Eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me :
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way, . . .
- 4 He took me on His Shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me ;
He bade my love be bolder,
And said how He had missed me ;
And I'm sure I heard Him say,
As He went along His way, . . .
- 5 I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me ;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go thro' me.
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
O wand'ring souls ! come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me ;
I am the Shepherd true.

Faber.

215

7.7.7.7.

- 1 **H**ARK ! my soul, it is the Lord :
'Tis Thy Saviour ; hear His word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
" Say, poor sinner ! lov'st thou Me ?

GRACE, LOVE, AND FELLOWSHIP.

- 2 "I delivered thee when bound ;
And, when wounded, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath ;
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 4 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done :
Partner of My throne shalt be :
Say, poor sinner ! lov'st thou Me !"
- 5 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint :
Yet I love Thee, and adore ;
Oh ! for grace to love Thee more. *Cowper.*

216

8.8.8.8.8.8.

- 1 COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee ;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare ;
Thyself hast called me by my name :
Look on Thy hands and read it there.
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! Thou diedst for me :
I hear Thy whisper in my heart ;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure universal Love Thou art.
To me, to all, Thy mercies move :
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

GRACE, LOVE, AND FELLOWSHIP.

- 4 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend,
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end ;
Through all eternity to prove,
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.
- 5 The Sun of righteousness on me
Hath ris'n with healing in His wings,
Withered my nature's strength ; from Thee
My soul its life and succour brings.
My help is all laid up above,
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

C. Wesley.

217

P.M.

- 1 ONE there is above all others,
Oh ! how He loves !
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh ! how He loves !
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh ! how He loves !
- 2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
Oh ! how He loves !
Think, oh ! think how much we owe Him,
Oh ! how He loves !
With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us,
Oh ! how He loves !
- 3 We have found a friend in Jesus,
Oh ! how He loves !
'Tis His great delight to bless us ;
Oh ! how He loves !

GRACE, LOVE, AND FELLOWSHIP.

How our hearts delight to hear Him,
Bid us dwell in safety near Him,
Why should we distrust or fear Him?
Oh ! how He loves !

- 4 Through His name we are forgiven,
Oh ! how He loves !
Backwards shall our foes be driven,
Oh ! how He loves !
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us—
Oh ! how He loves ! *Ann.*

218

L.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts !
Thou Fount of life ! Thou Light of men !
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.
- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all !
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living bread !
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad, when Thy precious smile we see ;
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus ! ever with us stay ;
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away ;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light !

Bernard, 1149 ; tr. Ray Palmer.

GRACE, LOVE, AND FELLOWSHIP.

219

8.8.8.6.

- 1 **O** HOLY Saviour ! Friend unseen !
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean,
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.
- 2 Blest with this fellowship Divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee ?
- 3 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love in gentlest tone,
Whispers, " Still cling to Me ! "
- 4 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside ;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied
The souls that cling to Thee !
- 5 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall !
What can disturb me, who appal,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour ! I cling to Thee ? *C. Elliott.*

220

8.8.8.6.

- 1 **O** THOU ! the contrite sinner's friend,
Who, loving, lovest to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.
- 2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour ! plead for me.
- 3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And can discern no guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me !

GRACE, LOVE, AND FELLOWSHIP.

- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then, with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh ! plead for me.
- 5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Then, to preserve from guilt and fear,
Lord ! to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.
- 6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away ;
O Thou who pleadst for me ! *C. Elliott.*

221

L.M.

- 1 **W**HEN in the hour of lonely woe,
I give my sorrow leave to flow ;
And anxious fears and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirit to the dust ;
- 2 When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made,
Oh this shall check each rising sigh,
That Jesus is for ever nigh.
- 3 His counsel and upholding care
My safety and my comfort are ;
And He shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crowns the work of grace.
- 4 Jesus, in whom but Thee above
Can I repose my trust, my love ?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison of Thee ?

222

C.M.

- 1 **W**ALK in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

GRACE, LOVE, AND FELLOWSHIP.

- 2 Walk in the light, and sin abhorred
Shall ne'er defile again ;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.
- 3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
- 4 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

Barton.

223

7.7.7.7. D.

- 1 JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh ! receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee !
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ ! art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

GRACE, LOVE, AND FELLOWSHIP.

Just and holy is Thy name ;
I am all unrighteousness ;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart !
Rise to all eternity ! *C. Wesley.*

224

C.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my sorrow lies too deep
For human ministry ;
It knows not how to tell itself
To any but to Thee !
- 2 Thou dost remember still, amid
The glories of God's throne,
The sorrows of mortality,
For they were once Thine own.
- 3 Yes ; for as if Thou wouldst be God
E'en in Thy misery,
There's been no sorrow but Thine own,
Untouched by sympathy.
- 4 Jesus, my fainting spirit brings
Its wretchedness to Thee ;
Thine eye, at least, can penetrate
The clouded mystery.
- 5 And is it not enough, enough,
Thy holy sympathy ?
Then there's no sorrow e'er so deep
But I would tell to Thee.

GRACE, LOVE, AND FELLOWSHIP.

225

L.M.

- 1 THE Son of God, in mighty love,
Came down to Bethlehem for me ;
Forsook His throne of light above,
An Infant upon earth to be.
- 2 In love, the Father's sinless Child
Sojourned at Nazareth for me ;
With sinners dwelt the Undeiled,
The Holy One in Galilee.
- 3 Jesus, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a Man of griefs for me ;
In love though rich, becoming poor,
That I, through Him, enriched might be.
- 4 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me ;
He drank my cup of wrath and woe,
And bled in dark Gethsemane.
- 5 The ever-blessed Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me ;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In His own body on the tree.
- 6 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me ;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.
- 7 'Tis finished all ; the veil is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free ;
Now may we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to Thee.

226

11s.

- 1 JESUS is our Shepherd, wiping every tear :
Folded in His bosom, what have we to fear ?
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.

GRACE, LOVE, AND FELLOWSHIP.

- 2 Jesus is our Shepherd : well we know His
voice,
How its gentlest whisper makes our heart
rejoice ;
Even when it chideth tender is its tone,
None but He shall guide us : we are His alone.
- 3 Jesus is our Shepherd ; for the sheep He
bled ;
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood He
shed ;
Then on each He setteth His own secret sign,
“ They that have My Spirit, these,” saith He,
“ are Mine.”
- 4 Jesus is our Shepherd ; guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven, none can do us
harm ;
When we tread death’s valley, dark with fearful
gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o’er the tomb.
- 5 Jesus is our Shepherd ; with His goodness
now,
And His tender mercy, He doth us endow.
Let us sing His praises with a gladsome heart,
Till in heaven we meet Him, never more to
part.

Stowell.

227

C.M.

- 1 THOU guardian of our youthful days,
To Thee our prayers ascend ;
To Thee we’ll tune our songs of praise,
Jesus, the children’s Friend !
- 2 From Thee our daily mercies flow,
Our life and health descend ;
Oh, save our souls from sin and woe ;
Thou art the children’s Friend !

CREATION.

- 3 Teach us to prize Thy holy word,
And to its truths attend ;
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love the children's Friend !
- 4 Oh may we feel a Saviour's love,
To Him our souls commend,
Who left His glorious throne above,
To be the children's Friend !
- 5 Lord, fix our youthful hearts on high,
And when this life shall end,
Raise us to live above the sky,
With Thee, the children's Friend !
-

CREATION.

"Thou, Lord, in the beginning, hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the works of Thine hands."—HEB. i. 10.

228

7.7.7.7. D.

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy Lord !
God of Hosts, when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth ;
All Thy works around Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
- 2 Holy, holy, holy !—Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore.
Lightly by the world esteem'd,
From that world by Thee redeem'd,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

CREATION.

- 3 Holy, holy, holy !—All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King :
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

Montgomery.

229

L. M. D.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
" The hand that made us is Divine ! "

Addison.

CREATION.

230

8.8.8.8.8.8.

- 1 **T**HOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee,
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.
- 2 When day with farewell beam delays
Among the op'ning clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven ;
Those hues, that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are Thine !
- 3 When night with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes ;
That sacred gloom, those fires Divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine !
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath Thy kindling eye ;
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

Moore.

231

8.8.8.8. D.

- 1 **W**HEN moved upon the waveless deep
The quickening Spirit of the Lord,
And broken was its pulseless sleep
Before the Everlasting Word !
"Let there be light," and listening earth,
With tree, and plant, and flowery sod,
"In the beginning" sprang to birth,
Obedient to the voice of God.

CREATION.

- 2 Then in his burning track the sun
Trode onward to his joyous noon,
And in the heavens one by one
Cluster'd the stars and shone the moon.
Bursting from choirs celestial, rang
Triumphantly the notes of song ;
The morning stars together sang,
In concert with the heavenly throng.
- 3 Creator ! let the Spirit shine
The darkness of our souls within,
And lead us, by Thy grace Divine,
From the forbidden paths of sin :
And may that Voice which call'd the earth
From chaos and the realms of night,
From doubt and darkness call us forth
To God's own liberty and light !

W. H. Burleigh.

232

S.M.

- 1 COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And His the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at His throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are His work, and not our own ;
He formed us by His word.
- 4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod ;
Come, as the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God. Watts.

CREATION.

233

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 YE boundless realms of joy !
Exalt your Maker's fame ;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame !
Your voices raise, ye Cherubim
And Seraphim ! to sing His praise.
- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay ;
His praise declare, ye heavens above !
And clouds that move in liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy name,
By whose Almighty word
They all from nothing came ;
And all shall last, from changes free :
His firm decree stands ever fast.
- 4 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high ;
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to Him are nigh :
Oh, therefore raise your grateful voice !
And still rejoice the Lord to praise.

Tate and Brady.

234

7.7.7.7. D.

- 1 THERE was beauty on the sea !
As the great Creator's hand
Left the impress of His might
On the air, and sea, and land.
Then no tossing wind or sea,
Troubled storm, or tempest rose,
For He saw that it was good,
Glorious in calm repose.

CREATION.

- 2 There was sorrow on the sea !
When man fell before the foe,
All creation felt the doom,
Trembled at the mighty woe.
Tempests woke upon the sea,
Storm and sorrow sprang to birth,
With their desolating power
Covering all the sea and earth.
- 3 There is sorrow on the sea !
As the ages come and go,
As it rolls unquietly,
Heaves its surges to and fro.
Heavenly covert from the wind,
Heavenly refuge from the storm,
Bid the weary waves be still,
Keep Thy wandering ones from harm.
- 4 There is glory on the sea !
As it rests for evermore
'Neath Thy throne, O Heavenly King,
Storm, and wind, and tempest o'er.
While the blessed cast their crowns
On its crystal waves, nor cease
Songs of praise, for ever safe
In the heavenly port of peace.

M. B. W.

235

C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

CREATION.

- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.
- 4 The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.
- 5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown His holy hill ;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.
- 6 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.
- 7 Thou ! Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere ! *Kebla.*

236

C.M.

- 1 I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

PRESERVATION.

- 4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye ;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.
- 6 His hand is my perpetual guard ;
He keeps me with His eye :
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ? Watts.
-

PRESERVATION.

" Preserve me, O God : for in Thee do I put my trust."—
PSALM xvi. 1.

237

L.M.

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my Almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heavens with all their hosts He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, He guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day,
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

PRESERVATION.

- 5 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return
Safe in the Lord ; His heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.
- 6 On thee foul spirits have no power ;
And in thy last departing hour,
Angels that trace the airy road
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God. *Watts.*

238

C.M.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh ! spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And Portion evermore. *Doddridge.*

239

C.M.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform :
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

PRESERVATION.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints ! fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

Cowper.

240

L.M.

- 1 **B**E with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what Thou wouldst have me do ;
Suggest whate'er I think or say,
And keep me in the narrow way.
- 2 Prevent me, lest I harbour pride,
Lest I in mine own strength confide ;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my pow'r, my all, from Thee.
- 3 Enrich me alway with Thy love ;
My kind Protector ever prove ;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let Thy Spirit on me rest.

PRESERVATION.

- 4 Assist, and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey ;
What Thou abhorrest may I flee,
And love alone what pleases Thee.
- 5 O may I never do my will,
But Thine, and only Thine, fulfil :
Let all my time, and all my ways,
Be spent and ended to Thy praise.

241

5.6.6.4.

- 1 GOD, who made the earth,
The air, the sky, the sea,
Who gave the light its birth,
Careth for me.
- 2 God, who made the sun,
The moon, the stars, is He
Who, when life's clouds come on,
Careth for me.
- 3 God, who gave me breath,
Be this my prayer to Thee,
That when I sink in death
Thou'lt care for me.
- 4 God, who sent His Son,
To die on Calvary,
He, if I lean on Him,
Will care for me.
- 5 When in heaven's bright land
I all His loved ones see,
I'll sing with that blest band,
God cared for me.

242

C.M.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

PRESERVATION.

- 2 Oh, magnify the Lord with me ;
With me exalt His name :
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.
- 4 Oh, make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide !
- 5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.
- Tate and Brady*

243

8.8.8.8.8.8.7.

- 1 O MIGHTY God, Creator, King,
Who rulest over sea and land,
And dost the ocean deeps sustain
Within the hollow of Thine Hand ;
O hear us as we cry to Thee
For those who traverse land and sea,
That they may now and ever be
Safe in Thy holy keeping.
- 2 And Thou who cam'st on earth to breathe
The breath of peace o'er heath and hill,
Didst walk upon the angry wave,
And bid the troubled sea " be still : "
O hear us as we cry to Thee
For those who traverse land and sea,
That they may now and ever be,
Safe in Thy holy keeping.

PRESERVATION.

- 3 Whenever danger threatens, then,
O Holy Spirit, be Thou there,
And breathe into each trembling heart
The will and power of fervent prayer ;
That we and all who cry to Thee,
With those who traverse land and sea,
Both now and evermore may be,
O Ever-Blessèd Trinity,
Safe in Thy holy keeping.
Godfrey Thring.

244

P.M.

- 1 **W**HEN through the torn sail the wild
tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is
gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to
cherish,
We fly to our Maker—" Help, Lord ! or we
perish ! "
- 2 O Jesus ! once toss'd on the breast of the
billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy
pillow,
Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his danger—" Help, Lord ! or
we perish ! "
- 3 And oh, when the whirlwind of passion is
raging,
When hell in our heart its wild warfare is
waging,
Arise in Thy strength Thy redeemed to
cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer—" Help, Lord ! or we
perish ! "
- Heber.

PRESERVATION.

245

8.7.8.4.

- 1 **S**TAR of Peace ! to wanderers weary !
Bright the beams that shine on me,
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea !
- 2 Star of Hope ! gleam on the billow ;
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee ;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea !
- 3 Star of Faith ! when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee ;
Save Him, on the billow rocking,
Far, far at sea !
- 4 Star Divine ! O safely guide him—
Bring the wand'rer home to Thee ;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea !

246

L.M.

- 1 **I** HEAR the tempest's awful sound,
I feel the vessel's quick rebound,
And fear might now my bosom fill,
But Jesus tells me, Peace, be still !
- 2 More and more loud the billows roar,
Far distant is the friendly shore ;
But even storms obey His will,
And He can tell them, Peace, be still !
- 3 In this dread hour I cling to Thee,
My Saviour crucified for me,
If that I perish be Thy will,
In death, Lord, whisper, Peace, be still !
- 4 Hark ! He has listened while I prayed,
Slowly the tempest's rage is stayed ;
The yielding waves obey His will,
Jesus hath bid them, Peace, be still !

PRESERVATION.

- 5 Lord, I adore Thy sovereign power !
My Rescuer from danger's hour ;
Oh ! when dark fears my bosom fill,
Whisper me ever, Peace, be still !

Newton.

247

6.6.8.4. D.

- 1 **O** THOU who didst prepare
 The ocean's caverned cell,
And teach the gathering waters there
 To meet and dwell ;
 Tossed in our reeling bark
 Upon this briny sea,
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
 And sing to Thee.
- 2 Borne on the darkening wave,
 In measured sweep we go,
Nor dread the unfathomable grave
 Which yawns below ;
 For He is nigh who trod
 Amid the foaming spray,
Whose billows owned the Incarnate God,
 And died away.
- 3 To peaceful rest we go,
 And close our tranquil eyes ;
Though deep beneath the waters flow,
 And circling rise.
 Though swells the flowing tide,
 And threatens far above,
We know in whom our souls confide
 With fearless love.
- 4 Snatched from a darker deep,
 And waves of wilder foam,
Thou, Lord, our trusting souls will keep,
 And waft them home.

PRESERVATION.

Home where no storm can sound,
Nor angry waters roar,
Nor troublous billows heave around
That peaceful shore.

C. Wesley.

248

6.5.6.5. D.

1 JESUS is our Pilot,
No one else can guide
Our frail barque in safety
O'er life's stormy tide.
When the waves of trouble
Baffle human skill,
He can always calm them
With His "Peace, be still."
Jesus is our Pilot :
Guided by His hand,
We shall reach the haven
On the golden strand.

2 Jesus is our Pilot ;
Through His mighty arm
We are safe from danger—
Safe from fear and harm.
In His strong protection
We may ever rest ;
Refuge from all sorrow
Is His faithful breast.

3 Jesus is our Pilot,
Well He knows the way
From this realm of shadows
To the realm of day.
He can find the harbour
Others seek in vain ;
There, the Lord of glory,
Evermore He'll reign.

PRESERVATION.

249

C.M.

- 1 **A** LITTLE ship was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight ;
It sailed along so pleasantly,
And all was calm and bright.
- 2 When lo ! a storm began to rise,
The wind grew loud and strong ;
It blew the clouds across the skies,
It blew the waves along.
- 3 And all, but One, were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep :
His head was on a pillow laid,
And He was fast asleep.
- 4 " Master, we perish ! Master, save ! "
They cried : their Master heard ;
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
And stilled them with a word.
- 5 He to the storm saith, " Peace, be still ; "
The raging billows cease ;
The mighty winds obey His will,
And all are hushed to peace.
- 6 O well we know it was the Lord,
Our Saviour and our Friend ;
Whose care of those who trust His word,
Will never, never end.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

BLESSINGS OF THIS LIFE.

BLESSINGS OF THIS LIFE.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."—
MATT. vi. 33.

250

- 1 **T**HERE'S not a bird, with lonely nest,
In pathless wood, or mountain crest,
Or meaner thing, which doth not share,
O God ! in Thy paternal care.
- 2 Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds Thee within its solitude :
And Thou dost bless the wanderer there,
Who makes his solitary prayer.
- 3 In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord ! art near, our souls to bless,
With all a parent's tenderness.
- 4 And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its loaded wing ;
Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last to all eternity.
- 5 O Lord ! where'er our lot is cast,
While life, and thought, and feeling last,
Through all our years, in every place,
We'll bless Thee for Thy boundless grace.

251

S.M.

- 1 **C**OMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands ;

BLESSINGS OF THIS LIFE.

- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey :
He shall direct their wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on His work thy stedfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
- 5 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.
- 6 Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time ; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

252

7.7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 **F**OR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies :
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light :
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

BLESSINGS OF THIS LIFE.

- 3 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces, human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven :
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.
- 4 For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Off'ring up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love :
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise. *F. Pierpoint.*

253

- 1 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise !
- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My constant thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
To taste those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But O ! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise. *Addison.*

BLESSINGS OF THIS LIFE.

254

P.M.

- 1 **M**Y God, we thank Thee who hast made
The earth so bright ;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here
Noble and right.
- 2 We thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound,
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.
- 3 We thank Thee still, that all our joy
Is touched with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain ;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.
- 4 For Thou who knowest, Lord ! how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys tender and true,
Yet all with wings ;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.
- 5 We thank Thee, Lord ! that Thou hast kept
The best in store ;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more ;
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.
- 6 We thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,

BLESSINGS OF THIS LIFE.

Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest ;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
Upon Thy breast. *A. A. Proctor.*

255

C.M.

- 1 **I**F God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found !
- 2 Here on the hills He feeds His herds,
His flocks on yonder plains ;
His praise is warbled by the birds—
Oh ! could we catch their strains !
- 3 In every stream His bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth ;
In each refreshing breeze that blows,
He gives us life and health.
- 4 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.
- 5 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found ! *Montgomery.*

256

8.8.8.8.8.8.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train :
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves the opprest, He feeds the poor ;
And none shall find His promise vain.

BLESSINGS OF THIS LIFE.

- 2 The Lord gives eyesight to the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the troubled conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 3 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures. *Watts.*

257

C.M.

- 1 FATHER ! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise !
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee :
- 3 Lord, teach me to confess Thy hand
From whence my comforts flow,
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.
- 4 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend !
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end ! *Steele.*

258

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings :

BLESSINGS OF THIS LIFE.

- When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through :
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too ;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed ;
And He, who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear ;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there :
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. *Cooper.*

259

8.8.8.4.

- 1 O LORD of heaven and earth and sea !
To Thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all ?

BLESSINGS OF THIS LIFE.

- 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits, Thy love declare ;
Where harvests ripen Thou art there,
Giver of all !
- 3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all !
- 4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessed One
Thou givest all !
- 5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And wilt His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.
- 6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord ! be given,
Who givest all ?
- 7 We lose what on ourselves we spend :
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord ! to Thee we lend,
Who givest all !
- 8 Whatever, Lord ! we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be ;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all !
- 9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give,
Oh ! may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all !

Wordsworth.

BLESSINGS OF THIS LIFE.

260

S.M.

- 1 **WE** give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be :
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord ! from Thee.
- 2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 Oh ! hearts are bruised and dead ;
And homes are bare and cold ;
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.
- 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.
- 5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.
- 6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,—
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord !
We do it unto Thee. *W. W. How.*

261

P.M.

- 1 **WE** plough the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand ;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,

BLESSINGS OF THIS LIFE

The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, oh ! thank the Lord,
For all His love.

- 2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far ;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star ;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed ;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
- 3 We thank Thee, then, O Father !
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts. *Campbell.*

262

8.8.8.8.8.8.

- 1 **L**ORD of the harvest, once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain,
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year ;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time and by harvest-tide.
- 2 The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnish'd by the King of kings.
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

BLESSINGS OF THIS LIFE.

- 3 Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task ;
So shall Thine angels issue forth,
The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,
Subjects of sun and storm no more,
Be gather'd to their Father's store.
- 4 Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread ;
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need,
O Bread of Life, from day to day,
Be Thou our comfort, food, and stay !
Joseph Anstice. 1836.

263

7.7.7.7. D.

- 1 COME, ye thankful people ! come !
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !
All is safely gathered in
Ere the winter storms begin ;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied ;
Come to God's own temple, come ;
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !
- 2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown :
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear ;
Lord of harvests ! grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home !
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away ;

BLESSINGS OF THIS LIFE.

Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

- 4 Even so, Lord ! quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-Home !
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide :
Come ! with all Thine angels, come
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home ! *Alford.*

264

L.M.

- 1 GREAT God ! as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
As time with rapid pinions flies,
May every season make us wise.
- 2 Long has Thy favour crowned our days,
And summer shed again its rays ;
No deadly cloud our sky has veiled,
No blasting winds our path assailed.
- 3 The harvest months have o'er us rolled,
And filled our fields with waving gold ;
Our tables spread, our garner stored,—
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord ?
- 4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace :
Time of decision ! awful hour !
Around it let no tempest lower.
- 5 Prepare us, Lord ! by grace divine,
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine ;
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of Thy love. *Butcher.*

REDEMPTION.

265

7.7.7.7.

- 1 GREAT our need, but greater far
Is our Father's loving power ;
He upholds each mighty star,
He unfolds each tiny flower.
 - 2 Ask not how, but trust Him still ;
Ask not when, but wait His will ;
Simply on His word rely,
God shall all your need supply.
 - 3 Can we count redemption's treasure ?
Scan the glory of God's love ?
Such shall be the boundless measure
Of His blessing from above.
 - 4 All we ask, or think, and more,
He will give in bounteous store ;
No good thing will He deny,
God shall all our need supply.
-

REDEMPTION.

"The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."—
Isa. liii. 6.

266

P.M.

- 1 TEN thousand times ten thousand sung
Loud anthems round the throne,
When lo ! one solitary tongue
Began a song unknown :
A song unknown to angel ears,
A song that told of banish'd fears,
Of pardon'd sins and dried-up tears.
- 2 Not one of all the heavenly host
Could those high notes attain,

REDEMPTION.

But spirits from a distant coast
United in the strain :
Till he who *first* began the song
(To sing alone not suffer'd long)
Was mingled with a countless throng.

3 And still, as hours are fleeting by,
The angels ever bear
Some newly-ransom'd soul on high,
To join the chorus there ;
And so the song will louder grow,
Till all whom Christ redeem'd below
To that fair world of rapture go.

4 Oh give me, Lord, my golden harp,
And tune my broken voice,
That I may sing of troubles sharp,
Exchanged for endless joys :
The song that ne'er was heard before,
The ransom'd on the heavenly shore,
Shall sound aloud for evermore.

F. L. Mortimer.

267

C.M.

1 GOD loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall ;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.
Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me ;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God ;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.

REDEMPTION.

- 3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.
- 4 Believing souls, rejoicing go ;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.
- 5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in a dying hour
Through Christ the Lord, our King.
Stockton.

268

L.M.

- 1 **T**HOU holiest Love ! whom most I prize,
Who art my longed-for, only bliss,
Who left the glory of the skies
To tread earth's desert wilderness.
- 2 Who once did suffer in my stead,
To cancel debt I could not pay ;
Whose blood upon the cross was shed
To take the world's great guilt away.
- 3 I give Thee thanks that Thou did'st die
To win eternal life for me ;
Oh bring that great salvation nigh,
And draw me up in love to Thee !

269

C.M.

- 1 **W**HAT sacred fountain yonder springs
Up from the throne of God,
And all our covenant blessings brings ?
'Tis Jesu's precious blood.

REDEMPTION.

- 2 What mighty sum paid all my debt,
When I a bondsman stood,
And hath my soul at freedom set ?—
'Tis Jesu's precious blood.
- 3 What stream is that which sweeps away
My sins as by a flood,
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay ?—
'Tis Jesu's precious blood.
- 4 What voice is that which speaks for me,
In heaven's high court, for good,
And from the curse hath set me free ?—
'Tis Jesu's precious blood.
- 5 What theme, my soul ! will best employ
Thy harp before thy God,
And make all heaven to ring with joy ?
'Tis Jesu's precious blood. *Irons.*

270

L. M.

- 1 JESUS ! Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea :
" Jesus hath lived, hath died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
Fully absolved through Thee I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

REDEMPTION.

- 5 Oh ! let the dead now hear Thy voice !
Bid, Lord ! Thy banished ones rejoice :
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,—
Jesus, “ the Lord our Righteousness ! ”
Tr. J. Wesley.

271

C.M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 “ Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
“ To be exalted thus ! ”
“ Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
“ For He was slain for us.”
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord ! for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Watts.

272

7.7.7.7.

- 1 BRETHREN ! let us join to bless
Christ the Lord, our Righteousness !
Let our praise to Him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.

REDEMPTION.

- 2 Son of God ! to Thee we bow :
Thou art Lord, and only Thou ;
Thou the woman's promised Seed,
Glory of Thy Church, and Head.
- 3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing ;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King ;
Worthy is Thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation, by Thee wrought ;
Wrought to set Thy people free,
Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.
- 5 May we follow and adore
Thee, our Saviour, more and more ;
Guide and bless us with Thy love,
Till we join Thy saints above. *Cennick.*

273

C.M.

- 1 **S**ALVATION ! oh ! the joyful sound !
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lord for ever ;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer ;
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !
- 2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation ! O Thou bleeding Lamb !
To Thee the praise belongs !
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues. *Watts.*

REDEMPTION.

274

8.7.8.7.7.7.7.

- 1 CHRIST the life of all the living,
Christ the death of death our foe,
Who, Thyself for us once giving
To the darkest depths of woe,
Patiently didst yield Thy breath
Man to save from sin and death,
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessèd Jesu, brought to Thee.
- 2 Thou, ah ! Thou hast taken on Thee
Bitter strokes, a cruel rod ;
Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,
O Thou sinless Son of God !
Only thus for us to win
Rescue from the bonds of sin.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessèd Jesu, brought to Thee.
- 3 Thou didst bear the smiting only
That it might not fall on me,
Stoodest falsely charged and lonely
That I might be safe and free.
Comfortless, that I might know
Comfort from Thy boundless woe !
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessèd Jesu, brought to Thee.
- 4 Then, for all that wrought our pardon,
For Thy sorrows deep and sore,
For Thine anguish in the garden,
I will thank Thee evermore.
Thank Thee with the latest breath
For Thy sad and cruel death ;
For that last, most bitter cry,
Praise Thee evermore on high.

C. Winkworth.

REDEMPTION.

275

L. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, sweet harp of Judah ! wake !
Retune thy strings for Jesu's sake ;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.
- 2 When God's right arm is bared for war,
And thunders clothe His cloudy car,
Where, where, oh ! where shall man retire
To escape the horror of His ire ?
- 3 'Tis He, the Lamb, to Him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by ;
God sees His Well-belovèd's face,
And spares us in our hiding-place.
- 4 While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow ;
Fallen, abject, mean—a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.
- 5 Yet courage : days and years will glide,
And we shall lay this dust aside ;
And, washed in Jesu's cleansing blood,
Shall safely pass through Jordan's flood.
- 6 Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed ;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place. *Kirke White.*

276

P. M.

- 1 **A** DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing,
Nor fear with Thy righteousness on
My person and offering to bring ;
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do,
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

MEANS OF GRACE:

279

C.M.

- 1 **I**N token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thy brow,
And sign thee **His** alone.
- 2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in **His** name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and **His** shame.
- 3 In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's conflict to maintain,
But 'neath **His** banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain,
- 4 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for **His** own ;
And may the brow that wears **His** cross
Hereafter share **His** crown. *Alford.*

280

7.7.7.7.

- 1 **H**EAVENLY Father ! may Thy love
Beam upon us from above !
Let this infant find a place
In Thy covenant of grace.
- 2 Son of God ! be with us here !
Listen to our humble prayer !
Let Thy blood, on Calvary spilt,
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.
- 3 Holy Ghost, to thee we cry ;
Thou this infant sanctify ;
Thine almighty power display ;
Seal (*him*) to redemption's day !
- 4 Great Jehovah, Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in one,
Let the blessing come from Thee,
Thine shall all the glory be ! *Guest.*

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

"As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come."—1 COR. xi. 26.

281 10.10.10.10.10.

1 "COME ye yourselves apart, and rest awhile,"
The way is weary, and the toil is long;
Come, linger in the sunshine of His smile,
And gather strength to meet the woe and
wrong.

Come, these brief moments, freed from sin
and care,
Shall make you strong the heavy load to bear.

2 "Come ye yourselves apart, and rest awhile,"
The weary world is surging round you still,
And Satan strives your spirit to beguile.
Come, seek your Lord, and ponder o'er His
will;
Come, drink the wine, and eat the broken
bread,
Meet emblems of the strength ye so much
need.

3 "Come ye yourselves apart, and rest awhile;"
For he that serves his Lord must holy be,
And he that labours must be free from guile,
And he that sows be filled with purity;
And he that speaks the message of the Word
Must first receive the fulness of the Lord.

4 "Come ye and rest," but only for awhile;
The fields are ripening and the labourers few,—
Go forth and work, and wait the call divine;
Come ye yourselves apart, my servants true,
And at the Supper of the Lamb adore,
Worship, and praise, and rest for evermore.

M. B. W.

MEANS OF GRACE

282

S.M.

- 1 NO gospel like this Feast,
Spread for Thy Church by Thee,
Nor Prophet nor Evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.
- 2 All our redemption cost,
All our redemption won,
All it has won for us, the lost,
All it cost Thee, the Son.
- 3 Thine was the bitter price,
And ours the free gift given :
Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of Heaven.
- 4 For Thee the burning thirst,
The shame, the mortal strife,
The broken heart, the side transpierced :
To us the bread of life.
- 5 Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height,
That darkest and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight.
- 6 From that dark depth of woes,
Thy love for us hath trod
Up to the heights of blest repose,
Thy love prepares with God.
- 7 Till from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see,
Still at the cross, as at the feast,
Behold Thee, only Thee ! *E. Charles.*

283

C.M.

- 1 TO Calvary, Lord ! in spirit now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon Thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

- 2 Sweet resting-place of every heart,
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows the deep mysterious joy
Of peace with God within.
- 3 There, through thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit passed ;
Grace there its wondrous victory gained,
And love endured its last.
- 4 Thou suffering Lamb ! Thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And linked our life with Thine.
- 5 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.
- 6 Oh ! linger not ! come, Saviour, come,
Responsive to our call ;
Come, claim Thine ancient power, and reign
The heir and Lord of all. *Denny.*

284

10.10.10.

- 1 **H**ERE **H** E I see Thee face to face ;
touch and handle things
- Here we h firmer hand Thy grace,
and all Thy lean.
- we bread of God ;
wine of heaven ;
earthly load ;
in forgiven.
do I need
upon ;
indeed ;
might alone.

MEANS OF GRACE:

- 4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness .
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing
blood ;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace ;
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord ! my
God !
- 5 Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
The feast, though not the love, is passed and
gone ;
The bread and wine removed, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.
- 6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above ;
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Bonar.

285

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE dying and undying love
Of Christ, our Saviour and our King,
Thou blessed Spirit ! from above,
Help us in grateful notes to sing.
- 2 That love which brought him down from
heaven
To suffer pain, and grief, and loss,
That we might have our sins forgiven,
And glory only in His Cross.
- 3 That love which now in heaven He bears
For those who trust in Him alone ;
That love which wipes away their tears,
And lets them stand before His throne.
- 4 Oh ! may it be our lot to stand
With all His ransomed saints above,
Who celebrate at His right hand
His dying and undying love !

Dean Bagot.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

286

L.M.

- 1 **O**FT we, alas ! forget the love
Of Him who bought us with His blood,
And now as our High Priest above,
Stands as our advocate with God.
- 2 Oft we forget the woe, the pain,
The bloody sweat, the accursèd tree ;
The wrath His soul did once sustain,
From sin and death to set us free.
- 3 Oft we forget that, strangers here,
This world is not our rest or home,
That, waiting till our Lord appear, [come.
Our hearts should cry, "Come, Saviour,
- 4 Oft we forget that we are one
With every saint that loves His Name ;
United to Him on the throne ;
Our life, our hope, our joy the same.
- 5 Here, in the broken bread and wine,
We hear Him say, "Remember Me !
I gave My life to ransom thine,
I bore thy curse to set thee free."
- 6 Lord, we are Thine, we praise Thy love ;
One with Thy saints, all one in Thee,
We would, until we meet above,
Meet here and thus remember Thee.

287

C.M.

- 1 **A**CCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord !
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy Body, broken for my sake,
My Bread from heav'n shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And, thus, remember Thee.

MEANS OF GRACE:

- 3 Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God ! my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.
- 5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me !
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus ! remember me ! *Montgomery.*

288

L.M.

- 1 **M**Y God, and is Thy table spread,
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know !
- 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood !
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food !
- 3 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes !
- 4 Why are its blessings all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed ?
Was not for you the victim slain ?
Are you forbid the children's bread ?

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

- 5 Revive Thy dying churches, Lord !
And bid our drooping graces live ;
And more, that energy afford
A Saviour's blood alone can give. *Doddridge.*

289

C.M.

- 1 O JESUS CHRIST, the Holy One,
I long to be with Thee ;
O Jesus Christ, the lowly One,
Come and abide with me.
- 2 Now, while the symbols of Thy love
Before Thy saints are set,
And Thou, descending from above,
Their yearning hearts hast met,

Come, and o'ershadow with Thy power
This lonely heart of mine ;
And feed me in this solemn hour
With Thine own bread and wine.
- 4 My "meat indeed," my "drink indeed,"
Art Thou, my gracious Lord ;
Help Thou my soul by faith to feed
On this Thy precious word ;
- 5 Till, nourished, strengthened, satisfied,
My glad and thankful heart
Forgets the things Thou hast denied
In those Thou dost impart.

290

8.8.8.4.

- 1 BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord
Until He come !

MEANS OF GRACE:

- 2 His body, broken in our stead,
Is shown in this memorial bread ;
And so our feeble faith is fed
Until He come !
- 3 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With His last advent, we unite,
By one bright chain of loving rite,
Until He come !
- 4 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred ;
And, with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come !
- 5 Oh ! blessed hope ! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate :
But strong in faith and patience wait
Until He come ! *Rawson.*

291

7.7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 "TILL He come !" Oh ! let the words
Linger on the trembling chords ;
Let the "little while" between
In their golden light be seen ;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "*Till He come !*"
- 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast ?
Hush ! be every murmur dumb !
It is only "*Till He come !*"
- 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press ;
Would we have one sorrow less ?
All the sharpness of the cross ;
All that tells the world is loss ;

THE WORD OF GOD.

Death, and darkness, and the tomb ;
Only whisper "*Till He come !*"

- 4 See ! the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread :
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Calls us round His heavenly board ;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till He come !*"

E. H. Bickersteth.

THE WORD OF GOD.

"*Blessed are they that hear the Word of God, and keep it.*"—JAMES i. 22.

292

C.M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! in Thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind ;
Here thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 Oh ! may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord !
Be Thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele.

MEANS OF GRACE:

293

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 O WORD of God incarnate !
O Wisdom from on high ;
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
The Light of our dark sky !
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.
- 2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored ;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.
- 3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled ;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.
It is the chart and compass
That, o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ ! to Thee.
- 4 Oh ! make Thy Church, dear Saviour !
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
Oh ! teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till clouds and darkness ended,
Then see Thee face to face.

Walsham How.

THE WORD OF GOD.

294

6.6.6.6.8.8.

1 **I**SRRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learned the Gospel too ;
The types and figures were a glass
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

2 The Paschal sacrifice,
The blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlightened eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood
To reconcile the soul to God.

3 The Lamb, the Dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence ;
For He who can for sin atone
Must have no failing of His own.

4 The scapegoat on his head
The people's trespass bore ;
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more.
In him our Surety seemed to say,
"Behold, I bear your sins away."

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free,
The type well understood
Expressed the sinner's plea ;
Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And by a Saviour's death discharged.

MEANS OF GRACE:

- 6 Jesus ! we love to trace
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of Thy grace,
The same in every age ;
Oh ! grant that we may faithful be,
To clearer light vouchsafed by Thee.
Cowper.

295

8.7.8.7.

- 1 O WORD of love ! O Word of life,
This fallen world enlightening,
Sweet echoes of a Father's voice,
Our weary pathway brightening.
- 2 O heavenly comfort to our souls,
O firm and strong foundation,
O living wells, whence we may draw
Sure hope of our salvation !
- 3 Unchanged, unchangeable, the same
For ever still enduring ;
The strong renewing with thy strength,
The feeble reassuring.
- 4 O priceless gift of love divine,
True source of hope and patience ;
Guide for our dark and doubting steps,
Guard in our sore temptations.
- 5 Witness of truth in that dread day
Of all men testifying ;
O Saviour ! grant us heavenly grace,
On Thy sure Word relying. *M. B. W.*

296

C.M.

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

THE WORD OF GOD.

- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age,—
It gives,—but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
Its truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day. *Cowper.*

297

C.M.

- 1 **H**OW precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.
- 4 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod ;
And brings him to the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.
- 5 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of everlasting day. *Fawcett.*

MEANS OF GRACE:

298-

C.M.

- 1 **T**HY Word is like a garden, Lord,
With beauty bright and fair ;
And every one who seeks may find
All lovely flowers there.
- 2 Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine,
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths
For every searcher there.
- 3 Thy Word is like the starry host ;
A thousand rays of light
Are seen to guide the traveller,
And make his pathway bright.
- 4 Thy Word is like a glorious choir,
And loud its anthems ring ;
Though many tongues and parts unite,
It is one song they sing.
- 5 Thy Word is like an armoury,
Where soldiers may repair,
And take for life's long battle-day
All needful weapons there.
- 6 Oh may I love Thy precious Word !
May I explore its mine !
May I its fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon me shine !
- 7 Oh may I find my armour there,—
Thy Word my trusty sword,
I'll learn to fight with every foe
The battle of the Lord.

Edwin Hodder.

PRAYER.

PRAYER.

"O Thou that hearest prayer, to Thee shall all flesh come."—PSALM lxxv. 2.

299

8.8.8.8.8.8.8.

- 1 **S**WEET hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known :
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless :
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
Upheld by thee, sweet hour of prayer !
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
May I in all thy comfort share,
Till in the home beyond my sight
I bask in everlasting light.
Serving within the courts above,
Made like unto the God of love,
Set free from every earthly care,
No more I need thee, hour of prayer.

Walford.

300

8.8.8.4.

- 1 **M**Y God ! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The hour of prayer ?

MEANS OF GRACE:

- 2 Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave !
- 3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven ;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven !
- 4 Words cannot tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find ;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind !
- 5 Hushed is each doubt ! removed each fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay ;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away ! *C. Elliott.*

301

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 **G**O, when the morning shineth ;
Go, when the noon is bright :
Go, when the eve declineth ;
Go, in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly cares away,
And in thy chamber kneeling
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be :
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim ;
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

PRAYER.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,—
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,—
Even then the silent pleading
Of thy spirit raised above
Will reach His throne of glory,
Who mercy is and love.

4 Oh ! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare ;
The power that He has given us
To pour our souls in prayer !
Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before His footstool fall ;
And remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gives thee all.

Lord Morpeth.

302.

8.7.8.7. D.

1 **W**HAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear !
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer !
Oh ! what peace we often forfeit,
Oh ! what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer !

2 **H**ave we trials and temptations ?
Is there trouble anywhere ?
We should never be discouraged ;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share ?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

MEANS OF GRACE:

- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care ?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?—
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

303

C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee ;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.
- 2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress ;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.
- 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thy ear Divine,
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.
- 4 Life's ills without, sin's strifes within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept for woe. *Davis.*

304

C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night ;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way ;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

PRAYER.

- 3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;
That arm upholds the sky ;
That ear is filled with angel songs ;
That love is throned on high.
- 4 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain ;
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.
- 5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the Throne ;
And moves the Hand which moves the world,
And brings salvation down. *Wallace.*

305

C.M.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath ;
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters Heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays !"

MEANS OF GRACE:

- 6 Nor prayer is made on earth alone :
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.
- 7 O Thou ! by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way !
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod,
Lord ! teach us how to pray ! *Montgomery.*

306

L. M.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all beside more sweet ;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?
- 5 There, there, on eagle wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. *Stowell.*

307

L. M.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat !
*Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there ?*

PRAYER.

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright !
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have we no words ? ah ! think again :
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me !"

Cowper.

308

7.7.7.7.

- 1 COME, my soul ! thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin ;
Lord ! remove this load of sin ;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord ! I come to Thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast ;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

MEANS OF GRACE:

- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer :
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end ! *Newton.*

309

C.M.

- 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul ! the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer :
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord ! am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name ! *Newton.*

310

L.M.

- 1 **W**HEN at Thy footstool, Lord ! I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

PRAYER.

- 2 Oh ! think not of my shame and guilt ;
My thousand stains of deepest dye ;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.
- 3 Oh ! think upon Thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there ;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare !
- 4 Oh ! think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace divine ;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.
- 5 Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull ;
Thine arm can never shortened be ;
Behold me, Lord ! my heart is full ;
Behold, and hear, and succour me ! *Lyte.*

311

L.M.

- 1 **W**HERE'ER the patriarch pitched his tent
He built an altar to his God ;
And sanctified, where'er he went,
With faith and prayer, the ground he trod.
- 2 Through all the east for riches famed,
Heaven's gifts, he sets his heart on none ;
Nor when the dearest was reclaimed,
Withheld his son, his only son.
- 3 Wherefore in blessing he was blest ;
Friendless the friend of God became !
Long wandering, everywhere found rest ;
Long childless, nations bear his name.
- 4 Nor nations born of blood alone,—
The father of the faithful he ;
Where'er his promised seed is known,
Faith's heirs are his posterity.

MEANS OF GRACE:

- 5 My God ! if called, like him, to roam,
Glad may I all for Thee forsake !
My God ! what Thou hast made my home,
Let me Thy sanctuary make !
- 6 Thy love, Thy law, be my delight,
Whate'er I do, or think, or am ;
Walking by faith, and not by sight,
Like a true child of Abraham ! *Montgomery.*

312

7.7.7.3.

- 1 CHRISTIAN ! seek not yet repose,
Slumber not upon the way ;
Thou art in the midst of foes :
Watch and pray.
- 2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours :
Watch and pray.
- 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day :
Near thee lurks the evil one :
Watch and pray.
- 4 Listen to thy gracious Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey :
Hide within thy heart His word :
Watch and pray.
- 5 'Twas by watching and by prayer,
Holy men of olden day
Won the palms and crowns they wear :
Watch and pray.
- 6 Watch, for thou thy guard must keep ;
Pray, for God must speed thy way :
Narrow is the road and steep :
Watch and pray. *C. Elliott.*

PRAYER.

313

C.M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord attends when children pray,
A whisper He can hear ;
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear.
- 2 He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see ;
And all our thoughts to Him are known,
Wherever we may be.
- 3 'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
And words of prayer to say ;
The heart must with the lips agree,
Or else we do not pray.
- 4 Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright,
Thy grace to us impart :
That we in prayer may take delight,
And serve Thee with the heart.
- 5 Then, heavenly Father, at Thy throne
Thy praise we will proclaim,
And daily our requests make known
In our Redeemer's name.

314

L.M.

- 1 **H**AST thou within a care so deep
It chases from thine eyelids sleep ?
To thy Redeemer take that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.
- 2 Hast thou a hope with which thy heart
Would almost feel it death to part ?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

MEANS OF GRACE:

- 3 Hast thou a friend whose image dear
May prove an idol worshipped here ?
Implore the Lord that nought may be
A shadow between heaven and thee.
- 4 Whate'er the care that breaks thy rest,
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

"Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together."

—HEBREWS x. 25.

315

L.M.

- 1 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell !
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 Oh ! enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Ketho.

316

7.7.7.7. D.

- 1 **P**LEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love ;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Oh ! my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints ;
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of Glory ! God of grace !

2 Happy souls ! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe ;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies :
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length ;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

3 Lord ! be mine this prize to win ;
Guide me through a world of sin ;
Keep me by Thy saving grace ;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art ;
Guide and guard my erring heart ;
Grace and glory flow from Thee ;
Shower, oh ! shower them, Lord ! on me !

Lgtc.

317

8.8.8.8.7.

1 **H**OSANNA to the living Lord !
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing !
Hosanna in the highest !

2 O Saviour ! with protecting care
Be with us in Thy house of prayer ;
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim.

3 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal ! bid Thy Spirit rest ;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.

MEANS OF GRACE:

- 4 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again. *Heber.*

318

L.M.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath ! hear us pray,
In this Thy house, on this Thy day ;
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs that from Thy servants rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord ! we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
Oh ! that we might that rest attain,
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain !
- 3 In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free ;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin !
Dawn on this world of woe and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest in God.

Doddridge.

319

10.10.10.10.

- 1 FATHER ! again in Jesu's name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet ;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Lord ! we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless
care,
And all Thy works from day to day declare ;
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned ?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around ?
- 3 Alas ! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove ;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.
- 4 Oh ! by that name in whom all fulness dwells ;
Oh ! by that love which every love excels ;
Oh ! by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in !
Whitmore.

320

8.8.6.8.8.6.

- 1 **T**HOU God of power, and God of love !
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise the angels sing,
And veil their faces, while they cry,
“Thrice holy !” to their God most High,
“Thrice Holy !” to their King.
- 2 Thee as our God we too would claim,
And bless the precious Saviour's name,
Through whom this grace is given ;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who formed our ruined souls anew,
And made us heirs of heaven.
- 3 While we in supplication join
Before the throne of grace divine,
In mercy bow Thine ear ;
And while we listen to Thy word,
Or praise Thy name with glad accord,
Amongst us, Lord ! appear.

MEANS OF GRACE:

- 4 Grant us to taste the joy and love,
Earnest of worship, Lord ! above,
In heaven Thy blessed abode ;
Here to our hearts Thyself reveal,
That all assembled now may feel
The presence of our God.

Walker.

321

L.M.

- 1 JESUS ! where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind :
Such ever bring Thee where they come ;
And, going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew !
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Lord ! we are few, but Thou art near ;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;
Oh ! rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

Cowper.

322

7.7.7.7.

- 1 JESUS ! we Thy promise claim ;
We are gathered in Thy name ;
In the midst do Thou appear,
Manifest Thy presence here !

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

2 Sanctify us, Lord ! and bless ;
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace ;
Come, and dwell within each heart :
Light, and life, and joy impart !

3 Make us all in Thee complete ;
Make us all for glory meet :
Meet to appear before Thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light !

C. Wesley.

323

C.M.

1 SPIRIT divine ! attend our prayer,
And make this house Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious power,
O come, great Spirit, come !

2 Come as the light,—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe ;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire,—and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let our whole souls an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour ;
May barren minds be taught to own
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the dove,—and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love :
And let the Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

6 Spirit divine ! attend our prayer ;
Make a lost world Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious power,—
O come ! great Spirit, come !

Reed.

MEANS OF GRACE:

324

C.M.

- 1 **C**OMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God ! on all assembled here ;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord !
May we Thy true disciples be :
Speak to each heart the mighty word :
Say to the weakest, " Follow me."
- 3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth ! and fill this place
With wounding and with healing power ;
With quickening and confirming grace.
- 4 O Thou ! our Maker, Saviour, Friend,
May all the souls who here unite,
With grateful joy Thy courts attend,
Rest in Thy love, and reign in light !

Montgomery.

325

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 **C**HRIST is our Corner Stone,
On Him alone we build :
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled ;
On His great love our hopes we place
Of present grace and joys above.
- 2 Oh then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring ;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in **One** to sing ;
And thus proclaim in joyful song
Both loud and long that glorious **Name**.
- 3 *Here*, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh ;

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh :
In copious shower on all who pray
Each holy day Thy blessings pour.

- 4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore ;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away !

Latin Hymn, 8th Century ;

Tr. J. Chandler, 1837.

326

10.10.10.10.

- 1 SAVIOUR ! again to Thy dear name we raise,
With one accord, our parting hymn of
praise ;

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then lowly kneeling wait Thy word of peace.

- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With Thee begun, with Thee shall end, the day ;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
shame,

That in this house have called upon Thy name.

- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord ! through the coming
night ;

Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly
life,

Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflicts
cease,

Call us, O Lord ! to Thine eternal peace.

Ellerton.

MEANS OF GRACE:

327

8.7.8.7.

1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above !

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

Newton.

328

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 **L**ORD ! dismiss us with Thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
Oh ! refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day !

Shirley.

MINISTRY.

MINISTRY.

"A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven."—JOHN ix. 27.

329

8.8.6.8.8.6.

- 1 **L**ORD of the Church, we humbly pray
For those who guide us in Thy way,
And speak Thy holy word :
With love divine their hearts inspire,
And touch their lips with hallowed fire,
And needful grace afford.
- 2 **H**elp them to preach the truth of God,
Redemption through the Saviour's Blood ;
Nor let the Spirit cease
On all the Church His gifts to shower ;
To them a Messenger of power,
To us, of life and peace.
- 3 **S**o may they live to Thee alone ;
Then hear the welcome word, "Well done!"
And take their crown above ;
Enter into their Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and bliss, and love. Amen.
E. Ouler (1798-1863).

330

L.M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer !
We plead for those who plead for Thee :
Successful pleaders may they be.
- 2 **C**lothe them with energy divine,
And let the words they speak be thine ;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Dispel their fears, inflame their zeal !

MEANS OF GRACE:

- 3 Teach them to sow the heavenly seed ;
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed ;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
And Thy pure Gospel to maintain.
- 4 Let listening multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.

Beddome.

331

L.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, pour Thy Spirit from on high,
And Thine ordained servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
Endue them all with righteousness.
- 2 Within Thy temple when they stand
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour ! like stars in Thy right hand
Let all the Church's pastors be !
- 3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.
- 4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep ;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.
- 5 So, when their work is finished here,
May they in hope their charge resign :
So, when their Master shall appear,
May they with crowns of glory shine !

Montgomery.

MINISTRY.

332

S.M.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame :
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
- 3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak He's near ;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh ! happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band. *Doddridge.*

333

L.M.

- 1 GO, labour on : spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will ;
This is the way the Master went ;
Should not the servant tread it still ?
- 2 Go, labour on while it is day ;
The long dark night is hastening on :
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away ;
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 3 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;

MEANS OF GRACE :

Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

4 Toil on, faint not : keep watch and pray ;
Be wise, the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice :
For toil comes rest, for exile home :
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, " Behold, I come."

Bonar.

334

S.M.

1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

2 How gracious is the voice,
How sweet the tidings are !
" Zion ! behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !

4 Watchmen ! lift up the voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem ! break forth in songs ;
Ye deserts, learn the joy.

5 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God ! *Watts.*

MINISTRY.

335

P.M.

- 1 **R**ESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave!
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying!
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
- 2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is
waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive:
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them
gently,
He will forgive if they only believe.
- 3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the
tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kind-
ness
Chords that were broken will vibrate once
more.
- 4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will pro-
vide,
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.

336

P.M.

- 1 **T**ELL me the Old, Old Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child,

MEANS OF GRACE.

For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon ;
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones and grave !
Remember ! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when *that* world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story :
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."
Hankey.

337

7.7.7.7. D.

1 **F**ATHER !—if that gracious name
Thou permit our souls to claim,—
Hear us plead for those that stray,
Wanderers from the heavenly way,

HOPE OF GLORY.

Unrepentant, unforgiven,
Strangers yet to Thee, and heaven :
Near them yawns the opening grave ;
Save them,—ere they perish, save !

2 Wanderers once ourselves, as they,
Bound, like them, in Satan's sway,
Pardoned sinners—can our eye
See, unmoved, our brethren die ?
Lord, Thy grace our hearts could melt ;
Let that grace by them be felt ;
Breathe on them that quickening breath
Which has waked our souls from death.

3 Thou, omnipotent to save,
Great High Priest, Thine aid we crave,
By Thy blood's transcendent price,
By Thy finished sacrifice ;
Thou, whose dying breath implored
Grace for those who slew their Lord,
O repeat that prayer again,
Thou, who canst not plead in vain !

HOPE OF GLORY.

"Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure."—1 JOHN iii. 3.

338

L.M.

1 **A**S when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still ;

2 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

HOPE OF GLORY.

- 3 The thought of home his spirit cheers ;
No more he grieves for sorrows past ;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day ;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He shall wipe my tears away.
- 5 Jesus ! on Thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to Thine abode :
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

Newton.

339

P.M.

- 1 **H** E A D of the Church triumphant !
We joyfully adore Thee !
Till Thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation ;
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise
Which knows our days,
And ever lifts us higher :
We raise our hearts exulting
In Thine almighty favour ;
The love Divine
Which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

HOPE OF GLORY.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation ;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation :
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes :
Through Thee we shall
Break through them all,
Ere death our conflict closes.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us ;
The shame despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us ;
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven. *C. Wesley.*

340

8.6.8.8.6.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Light ! Eternal Light !
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live, and look on Thee !
- 2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss ;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.
- 3 *Oh ! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,*

HOPE OF GLORY.

Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That Uncreated Beam?

- 4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode :—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God :—

- 5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above :
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the Eternal Love ! *Binney.*

341

C.M.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,—
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all !
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Watts.

HOPE OF GLORY.

342

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 **I**S it for me, dear Saviour,
Thy glory and Thy rest?
For me, so weak and sinful,
O shall I thus be blessed?
Is it for me to see Thee
In all Thy glorious grace,
And gaze in endless rapture
On Thy beloved face?
- 2 **I**s it for me to listen
To Thy beloved voice,
And hear its sweetest music
Bid even me rejoice?
Is it for me, Thy welcome,
Thy gracious "Enter in"?
For me, Thy "Come, ye blessed!"
For me, so full of sin?
- 3 **O** Saviour, precious Saviour,
My heart is at Thy feet,
I bless Thee and I love Thee,
And Thee I long to meet.
A thrill of solemn gladness
Has hushed my very heart,
To think that I shall really
Behold Thee as Thou art—
- 4 **B**ehold Thee in Thy beauty,
Behold Thee face to face;
Behold Thee in Thy glory,
And reap Thy smile of grace,
And be with Thee for ever,
And never grieve Thee more!
Dear Saviour, I must praise Thee,
And lovingly adore!

F. R. Havergal.

HOPE OF GLORY.

343

L.M.

- 1 WITH tearful eyes I look around ;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, " Come to Me ! "
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee :
Oh ! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding, " Come to Me ! "
- 3 When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, " Come to Me ! "
- 4 When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see ;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, " Come to Me ! "
- 5 " Come ! for all else must fail and die ;
Earth is no resting-place for thee !
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, come to Me ! "
- 6 O voice of mercy ! voice of love !
In conflict, grief, and agony
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, " Come to Me ! "

C. Elliott.

344

C.M. D.

- 1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away !

HOPE OF GLORY.

Oh ! for the pearly gates of heaven !
Oh ! for the golden floor !
Oh ! for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth never more !

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint !
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !
Oh ! for a heart that never sins !
Oh ! for a soul washed white !
Oh ! for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night !

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher :
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
Oh ! by Thy love and anguish, Lord !
Oh ! by Thy life laid down !
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown !

C. F. Alexander.

345

S.M.

1 I HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free,
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me.

2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode :
From everlasting it was planned,
My dwelling-place with God !

3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure : [flood
He passed through death's dark raging
To make my rest secure.

HOPE OF GLORY.

- 4 The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given ;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.
- 5 Loved ones have gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done ;
I soon shall greet them on that shore
Where partings are unknown.
- 6 And then through endless days,
Where all Thy glories shine ;
In happier, holier strains I'll praise
The grace that made me Thine.
- Bennett.*

346

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 **T**HE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heav'n breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for—
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 2 Oh ! Christ He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet well of love !
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above :
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love.

HOPE OF GLORY.

I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

- 4 Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp ;
Now these lie all behind me—
Oh ! for a well-tuned harp !
Oh ! to join the Hallelujah
With yon triumphant band !
Who sing, where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land. *Cousin.*

347 S.M.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne !
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ; [ground
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. Watts.

PRAISE.

PRAISE.

"Praise God in His sanctuary, praise Him in the firmament of His power, praise Him for His mighty acts, praise Him according to His excellent greatness."—PSALM cl. 1, 2.

348

L.M.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends Thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Praise God from whom all blessings flow !
Praise Him, all creatures here below !
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. *Watts.*

349

8.7.8.7. D.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens adore Him,
Praise Him, angels ! in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance He hath made.
- 2 Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;
Never shall His promise fail ;
God hath made His saints victorious ;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high ! His power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name !

Kemphorne, 1810.

PRAISE.

350

7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 **A**LL things praise Thee—Lord most high,
Heaven and earth, and sea and sky,
All were for Thy glory made,
That Thy greatness thus displayed
Should all worship bring to Thee ;
All things praise Thee :—Lord, may we.
- 2 All things praise Thee—night to night
Sings in silent hymns of light ;
All things praise Thee—day to day
Chants Thy power in burning ray ;
Time and space are praising Thee,
All things praise Thee :—Lord, may we.
- 3 All things praise Thee—Heaven's high shrine
Rings with melody divine ;
Lowly bending at Thy feet,
Seraph and archangel meet ;
This their highest bliss to be
Ever praising :—Lord, may we.
- 4 All things praise Thee—gracious Lord,
Great Creator, Powerful Word,
Omnipresent Spirit, now
At Thy feet we humbly bow ;
Lift our hearts in praise to Thee ;
All things praise Thee :—Lord, may we.

G. W. Conder.

351

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

- 1 **S**ING praise to God who reigns above,
The God of all creation ;
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation.
With healing balm my soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills :
To God all praise and glory !

PRAISE.

- 2 The angel-host, O King of kings !
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span,
And power which formed creation's plan :
To God all praise and glory !
- 3 What God's almighty power hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth ;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth.
Within the kingdom of His might,
Lo ! all is just and all is right :
To God all praise and glory !
- 4 Thus all my toilsome way along
I sing aloud Thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises :
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart ;
Both soul and body, bear your part :
To God all praise and glory !

Schütz, 1673 ; tr. Cox.

352

6.6.8.4. D.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love !
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed :
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blessed !
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand :

PRAISE

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

- 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways !
Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At His command.

- 4 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace ;
On Sion's sacred heights
His kingdom still maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

- 5 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend ;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend :
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace .
For evermore.

Olivers.

353

S.M.

- 1 **A** WAKE ! and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake, every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name !

PRAISE.

356

8.8.8.8.8.8.

- 1 **P**RAISE your Redeemer, praise His name,
Ye saints who live upon His grace !
Praise Him whose love remains the same,
Through every change of time and place.
Praise ye the Lord, the Saviour praise,
Hosanna to the God of grace !
- 2 Praise Him who came from heaven to bring
Glad tidings of salvation down ;
Praise Him, for you have cause to sing,
Who hope for an immortal crown.
- 3 Praise Him who loved you on the cross,
Praise Him who loves you on His throne,
Praise Him who turns to gain your loss,
And makes your crosses prove your crown.
- 4 Praise Him who loved you long before
The wheels of time began to move ;
Whose love, when time shall be no more,
Will still be everlasting love.

Swain, 1792.

357

C.M.

- 1 **H**OSANNA ! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord ;
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt the Incarnate Word.
- 2 Hosanna ! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise :
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.
- 3 Hosanna ! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest ;
How vast Thy gifts, how free !
Thy blood, our life ; Thy word, our feast ;
Thy name, our only plea.

PRAISE.

- 4 Hosanna ! Master, lo ! we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne ;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.
- 5 Hosanna ! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng :
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.
- 6 O Saviour, if redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold !

William Henry Havergal. 1833.

358

7.7.7.7.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King !
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight ;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 4 Fear not, brethren ! joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord ! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Cennick.
18

SERVICE.

359

6.5.6.5.

- 1 JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear ;
When we bow before Thee
Children's praises hear.
- 2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.
- 3 We are weak and sinful,
Ever apt to stray ;
Saviour, guide and keep us,
In the heav'nly way.
- 4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day,
Help us now to love Thee,
Take our sins away :
- 5 Then when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We will gladly answer,
" Saviour, Lord, we come !"

SERVICE.

*" We are His workmanship created in Christ Jesus
unto good works."—EPH. ii. 10.*

*" That we may show forth Thy praise, not only with our
lips, but in our lives."*

360

8.8.8.4.

- 1 WHAT was Thy holy joy, O Lord,
While earthly toils were round Thee still?
To work, with patient, loving care,
Thy Father's will !

SERVICE.

- 2 What shall I render, O my Lord,
For all Thy love bestowed on me,
For pardon, peace, and hope of heaven ?
To follow Thee !
- 3 What is a nobler privilege
Than earth's high honours can afford,
Surpassing kingdom, praise, or power ?
To serve my Lord !
- 4 What is my glorious liberty,
My stedfast trust, my sure abode,
My freedom from the bonds of sin ?
The yoke of God !
- 5 What labours shall my soul enrich,
Repay, ennoble, strengthen, prove,
That, watering, I may watered be ?
Labours of love !
- 6 What is the highest, holiest bliss
Of Heaven's unbounded store of grace ?
To serve Him, whom we served below—
But face to face !

M. B. W.

361

S.M.

- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky :
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil ;
Oh ! may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will !
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live ;
And oh ! Thy servant, Lord ! prepare
A strict account to give.

SERVICE.

- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely ;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die. *C. Wesley.*

362

8.7.8.7.

- 1 **J**ESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea ;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, " Christian, follow Me."
2 As of old His servants heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and gain, and kindred,
All things leaving for His sake.
3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store ;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, " Christian, love Me more."
4 In our joys, and in our sorrows,
Days of toil, and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
" Christian, love me more than these."
5 Jesus call us. By Thy mercies,
Saviour ! may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all !

C. F. Alexander.

363

6 6.6.6.6.6.

- 1 " **I** GAVE My life for thee ;
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave My life for thee :
What hast thou given for Me ?

. SERVICE.

2 " I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee :
Hast thou spent *one* for Me ?

3 " My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wandering sad and lone.
I left it all for thee :
Hast thou left aught for Me ?

4 " And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love.
Great gifts I brought to thee :
What hast thou brought to Me ? "

5 Oh ! let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent ;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
Thou gav'st Thyself for me :
I give myself to Thee. *F. R. Havergal.*

364

6.5.6.5. D.

1 **W**HO is on the Lord's side ?
Who will serve the King ?
Who will be His helpers,
Other lives to bring ?
Who will leave the world's side ?
Who will face the foe ?
Who is on the Lord's side ?
Who for Him will go ?

.SERVICE.

By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side ;
Saviour, we are Thine.

2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior-psalm ;
But for Love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died :
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.

F. R. Havergal.

365

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1 **H**ARK ! 'tis the watchman's cry :
Wake, brethren ! wake !
Jesus, our Lord, is nigh ;
Wake, brethren ! wake !

SERVICE.

Sleep is for sons of night,
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright :
Wake, brethren ! wake !

2 Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren ! watch !
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren ! watch !
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Master's gate,
E'en though He tarry late ;
Watch, brethren ! watch !

3 Heed we the Steward's call ?
Work, brethren ! work !
There's room enough for all,
Work, brethren ! work !
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour will afford,
Yours is a sure reward :
Work, brethren ! work !

4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice ?
Pray, brethren ! pray !
Would ye His heart rejoice ?
Pray, brethren ! pray !
Sin calls for constant fear,
Weakness needs the strong One near ;
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren ! pray !

5 Now sound the final chord,
Praise, brethren ! praise !
Thrice holy is our Lord,
Praise, brethren ! praise !
What more befits the tongues,
Soon to lead the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs ?
Praise, brethren ! praise !

SERVICE.

366

P.M.

1 **W**ORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours ;
Work while the dew is sparkling ;
Work 'mid springing flowers ;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming ;
Pray, for the Lord's at hand ;
Watch, for the tempter watcheth ;
Strive, 'tis God's command.
Work for the souls around you,
Weep for the sins your own,
Fight in the faith that sav'd you,
Wait the victor's crown.

4 Work, for the end is coming,
Soon shall the warfare close ;
Sing, for the day is dawning,
Calm in sure repose.
Hark, for the Saviour cometh,
Cometh in all His power ;
Work, till the King proclaimeth,
Rest ! man's work is o'er !

SERVICE.

367

11.11.11.11.11.11.

- 1 **O**NWARD, Christian soldiers, marching as
to war,
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe,
Forward into battle, see ! His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to
war,
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.
- 2 At the name of Jesus Satan's host doth flee ;
On, then, Christian soldiers, on to victory !
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of
praise :
Brothers, lift your voices ; loud your anthems
raise.
- 3 Like a mighty army, moves the Church of
God ;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints
have trod.
We are not divided, all one body we—
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.
- 4 Onward, then, ye people, join our happy
throng ;
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph-
song ;
Glory, praise, and honour unto Christ the
King,
This through countless ages men and angels
sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to
war,
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.

Gould.

SERVICE.

- 5 Onward, then, to glory move ;
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Still through danger, toil, and woe,
Christian soldiers ! onward go.

Kirke White.

371

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 **S**TAND up ! stand up for Jesus !
Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss ;
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
The trumpet call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day !
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes ;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own :
Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song :

SERVICE.

To Him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally. *Duffield.*

372

7.7.7.7. D.

- 1 TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee ;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love ;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise ;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
- 2 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King ;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee ;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold ;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 3 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine ;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne :
Take my love—my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store ;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee. *F. R. Havergal.*

373

P.M.

- 1 O LORD ! Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart :
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee !
To Thee, my God ! to Thee.

SERVICE.

- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee !
On Thee, my God ! on Thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;
Thy presence is in every place ;
And, wheresoe'er my lot shall be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee !
To Thee, my God ! to Thee.
- 4 Renouncing every earthly thing,
Safe 'neath the shadow of Thy wing,
My sweetest thoughts henceforth shall be
That all I want I find in Thee !
In Thee, my God ! in Thee. *Oberlin.*

374

L.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone ;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.
- 2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.
- 3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
- 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart :
*And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.*

SERVICE.

5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power,
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones, in needful hour.

6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

F. R. Havergal.

375

P.M.

1 **I** AM Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy
voice,

And it told Thy love to me ;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.
Draw me nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died.
Draw me nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine ;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour,
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my
God,
I commune as friend with friend.

SERVICE.

- 4 There are depths of love that I cannot touch
Till I cross the narrow sea ;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee. *Crosby.*

376

7.7.7.7.

- 1 **T**HINE for ever ! God of love !
Hear us from Thy throne above :
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.
- 2 Thine for ever ! Lord of life !
Shield us through our earthly strife.
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine for ever ! Oh ! how blest
They who find in Thee their rest !
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend !
Oh ! defend us to the end.
- 4 Thine for ever ! Saviour ! keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.
- 5 Thine for ever ! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord ! from earth to heaven.

377

7.6.7.6. D.

Maude.

- 1 **O** JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend !
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

SERVICE.

- 2 Oh ! let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
Oh ! speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control ;
Oh, speak to make me listen,
Thou guardian of my soul.
- 3 O Jesus ! Thou hast promised
To all that follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory,
There shall Thy servant be ;
And, Jesus ! I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Oh ! give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.
- 4 Oh ! let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant my own ;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh ! guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end ;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend ! *Bode.*

378

D.C.M.

- 1 **H**OW blessed, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim
Thy servant, Lord, to be ;
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand.

SERVICE.

- 2 With willing heart and longing eyes
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight ;
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still ;
For love can easily divine
The one Belovèd's will.
- 3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord ;
Thus ever Thine alone,
My soul and body, given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won,
Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side,
By life or death, in this poor flesh,
Let Christ be magnified.
- 4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly,
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh,
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be. *H. L. L.*

379

7.6.7.6.

- 1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head !
- 2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men :
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then !

SERVICE.

- 3 The Cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due ;
The Crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
- 4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—
- 5 What are they, but His heralds
To lead you to His sight ?
What are they, save the radiance
Of uncreated light ?
- 6 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

380

S.M.

- 1 FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When, full of joy, some shining morn
Went forth the reaper-band.
- 2 To God so good and great
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.
- 3 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.
- 4 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers ;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

HOLINESS.

- 5 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven. *Gurney.*

381

L. M.

- 1 WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate ;
What can we do for Jesus' sake
Who is so high and good and great ?
- 2 Oh, day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within,
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.
- 3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes,—
- 4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.
- 5 With smiles of peace and looks of love
Light in our dwelling we may make,
Bid kind affection lighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

— C. F. Alexander.

HOLINESS.

*"Serve Him without fear in holiness and righteousness
all the days of our life."*—LUKE i. 74, 75.

382

7.7.7.7.

- 1 HOLY Jesus, Saviour blest,
As, by passions strong possess,
Through this world of sin we stray,
Thou to guide us art the Way !

HOLINESS.

- 2 Holy Jesus, when, like night,
Error blinds our cloudy sight,
Then, the cheering day to throw
Round our path, the Truth art Thou !
- 3 Holy Jesus, when our power
Fails us in temptation's hour,
All unequal to the strife,
Thou, to heal us, art the Life !
- 4 Who would reach his heavenly home,
Who would to the Father come,
Who the Father's presence see,
Jesus, he must come by Thee !
- 5 Channel of the Father's grace,
Image of the Father's face,
Saviour blest, incarnate Son,
With the Father Thou art one !

383

L.M.

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word ;
But in Thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so Divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer ;
The desert Thy temptation knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here ;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb !

Isaac Watts, D.D., 1709.

HOLINESS.

384

10.10.10.10.

- 1 **H**E walks with God, who lives a life of faith,
And builds his hope on what the promise
saith ;
Who, letting go this world, the next secures,
And still, as seeing things unseen, endures.
- 2 He walks with God, who lives a life of prayer,
And daily casts on Him his every care ;
Who in this sweet and sacred converse knows
The soul's refreshment, and the soul's repose.
- 3 He walks with God, who, as he onward moves,
Treads in the footsteps of the Lord he loves ;
Who, keeping Jesus ever in his view,
Sees in his Saviour his example too.
- 4 Blest is the man who humbly walks with God,
And follows in the path by Jesus trod ;
His way is holiness, his end is peace,
And glory crowns him when his labours cease.

385

P.M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me ;
And the changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see :
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

HOLINESS.

- 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know :
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate :
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.
- 5 In service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me ;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free ;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty. *A. L. Waring.*

386

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

- 1 **H**OLIEST, Holiest,
Hearken in love :
Fit me to soar to Thee,
See Thee above ;
And from that Eden fair,
Lit by Thy presence there,
Never remove.
- 2 Holiest, Holiest,
Thou art my Stay,
Guide of my pilgrimage,
Light of my way :
Let the glad faith I know
Stronger and stronger grow,
Never decay.

HOLINESS.

3 Holiest, Holiest,
Morning and eve
Keep me, nor suffer me
Ever to grieve
Thee, gracious Helper, Who
Them that are meek and true
Never wilt leave.

4 Holiest, Holiest,
Ever be nigh ;
Felt by my spirit, though
Hid from mine eye ;
And Thy glad comfort give,
Till in my home I live,
Never to die.

T. Davis.

387

L.M.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone ;
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, with Him in view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not ;
My grief and burden long had been
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt my impotence the more ;
Till, late, I heard the Saviour say,
"Come unto Me, I am the way."
- 5 Lo ! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb !
Dost take me guilty as I am ;
Nothing but sin I Thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

HOLINESS.

- 6 And now will I to sinners round
Proclaim the Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to His redeeming blood,
And say : Behold the way to God !
Cennick.

388

C.M.

- 1 **O**H ! for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me !
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone ;
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within ;
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good ;
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord ! impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love ! *C. Wesley.*

389

77.77.77.

- 1 **S**ON of God, to Thee I cry :
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

HOLINESS.

- 2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry :
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.
- 3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry :
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.
- 4 Lord of glory, God Most High,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform Thy will ;
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

390

C.M.

Mant.

- 1 OH ! that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still !
Oh, that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will !
- 2 Oh, send Thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart ;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by Thy Word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord ;
But keep my conscience clear.

HOLINESS.

- 5 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
Offend against my God. *Watts.*

391

P.M.

- 1 I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord ;
No tender voice like Thine,
Can peace afford.
I need Thee, oh I need Thee ;
Every hour I need Thee !
O bless me now my Saviour ;
I come to Thee !
- 2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by ;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.
- 3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain ;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.
- 4 I need Thee every hour,
Teach me Thy will ;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.
- 5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One :
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son. *Hawkes.*

392

C.M.

- 1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

HOLINESS.

- 2 Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay,
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 O Thou ! whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine ;
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned
Were all alike divine :
- 5 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own. *Heber.*

393

8.7.8.7. D.

- 1 **A**S the rosy tint of dawning
Sheds new life on what we see,
Saviour, so in life's glad morning
Draw our youthful hearts to Thee.
From all evil, oh ! protect us,
And our follies past forgive ;
Grant Thy Spirit to direct us,
Grace to teach us how to live !
- 2 In the future spread before us,
In the unknown paths of life,
Blessèd Jesus ! watch Thou o'er us,
Strengthen for the coming strife.
Hear us when we seek Thy blessing,
Thou who once on children smiled :
Hear us, children's wants confessing,
Thou who wast Thyself a child.

HOLINESS.

3 Hear us when, our weakness feeling,
By temptations sore beset,
We are at Thy footstool kneeling,
Nor our earnest prayer forget.
Keep from "evil that would grieve us ;"
Thou wilt do whate'er is best,
And at last, O Lord, receive us
To Thine own eternal rest.

394

8.8.8.8.8.8.

- 1 **W**EARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod ;
For Him, not without hope, I mourn :
I have an advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.
- 2 O Jesu ! full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek Thy face,—
Open Thine arms and take me in ;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore ;
Oh ! for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more !
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 4 Oh ! give me, Lord, the tender heart
That trembles at the approach of sin ;
A godly fear of sin impart ;
Implant and root it deep within ;
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare offend Thee more.

Wesley.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 Glorious Deliverer,
How long wilt Thou delay ?
Saviour, gracious Saviour,
Bear us away.

398

5.5.8.8.5.5.

- 1 JESUS ! still lead on,
Till our rest be won !
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow calm and fearless ;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.
- 2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us ;
For through many a foe,
To our home we go !
- 3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief ;
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord ! increase and perfect patience ;
Show us that bright shore,
Where we weep no more !
- 4 Jesus ! still lead on,
Till our rest be won !
Heavenly Father ! still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland ! *Zinzendorf.*

399

C.M.

- 1 A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife ;
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun ;
Behold the Christian's life !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Prepared the trumpet's call to greet,
Soldier of Jesus ! stand ;
Pilgrim of Christ ! with ready feet,
Await Thy Lord's command.
- 3 Seek, soldier ! pilgrim ! seek thine home,
Revealed in sacred lore ;
The land, whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more :
- 4 Where grief shall never wound, nor death
Disturb the Saviour's reign ;
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane :
- 5 Where founts of life their treasures yield,
In streams that never cease ;
Where everlasting mountains shield
Vales of eternal peace.
- 6 Where they who meet shall never part ;
Where grace fulfils its plan ;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man. *Gisborne.*

400

6.4.6.4. D.

- 1 **W**EAARY of wandering long,
My sore heart saith,
"Show me Thy way, O Lord !
Teach me Thy path."
I thought these weary feet
Straightway would find
All rough and rugged paths
Left far behind.
- 2 But as I onward passed
The way grew steep,
And black clouds gathered fast,
And skies did weep.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

And darkness seemed to hide
The toilsome road ;
Amazed, again I cried,
" Thy way, O God ! "

3 A lamp unto my feet
God's Word did prove,
A still small voice and sweet
Spoke thus in love :
" Whoso through night and day
God's way pursues,
Him shall He teach the way
That He should choose. "

4 Then since He chose for me
This rugged path,
My hand in His shall be
With steadfast faith :
Each step this darksome night
Is bringing me
Still nearer to the bright
Eternity.

401

6.6.6.6.

1 **T**HY way, not mine, O Lord !
However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not, if I might ;
Choose Thou for me, my God !
So shall I walk aright.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine ; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine ;
Else I must surely stray.
- 5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem ;
Choose Thou my good and ill.
- 6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness, or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty, or wealth.
- 7 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small :
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All ! *Bonar.*

402

8.7.8.8.7.

- 1 OH ! the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
" All of self, and none of Thee."
- 2 Yet He found me ; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree ;
Heard Him pray : " Forgive them, Father !"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
" Some of self, and some of Thee."
- 3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and, ah ! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
" Less of self, and more of Thee."

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord : Thy love at last hath conquered ;
Grant me now my soul's petition,
"None of self, and all of Thee."

Mixed.

403

6.8.8.3.

- 1 **P**IERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.
- 2 "Save, Lord ! we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony :"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."
- 3 The wild winds hushed : the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep :
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.
- 4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

Tring.

404

6.4.6.4. D.

- 1 **P**IERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night ;
Ours laboured heavily,
From glimmered white ;
Trembled the mariners :
Peril was nigh !
Then said the God of God,
"Peace ! it is I !"

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest !
Wail of the stormy wind,
Be thou at rest !
Sorrow can never be,—
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
“ Peace ! it is I ! ”
- 3 Jesu, Deliverer !
Come Thou to me ;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea :
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
“ Peace ! it is I ! ” *Tr. J. M. Neale.*

405

8.8.8.8.8.8.

- 1 **W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do ;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Perfect, yet it floweth
Fuller every day :
Perfect, yet it groweth
Deeper all the way.

Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

2 Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessed hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand.
Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry
Touch the spirit there.

3 Every joy or trial
Falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial
By the Sun of Love.
We may trust Him solely
All for us to do ;
They who trust Him wholly,
Find Him wholly true.

F. R. Havergal.

409

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 **W**HY those fears ? behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship !
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 *Led by Christ, we brave the ocean ;
Led by Him, the storm defy !*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh ;
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.

3 Rendered safe by His protection,
We shall pass the watery waste ;
Trusting to His wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last :
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past.

4 O what pleasures there await us !
There the tempests cease to roar :
There it is that those who hate us
Shall molest our peace no more ;
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil happy shore ! *Kelly.*

410

8.8.8.4.

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and oppressed ;
I come to cast myself on Thee—
Thou art my Rest.
- 2 Look down on me, for I am weak ;
I feel the toilsome journey's length ;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek ;
Thou art my Strength.
- 3 I am bewildered on my way ;
Dark and tempestuous is the night ;
Oh, shed Thou forth some cheering ray ;
Thou art my Light.
- 4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee : my terrors cease ;
Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts ;
Thou art my Peace.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink ;
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply
E'en to the end, whate'er befall ;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

Louisa of Brandenburg.

411

8.8.8.4.

1 MY God ! my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh ! teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still I would reply,
"Thy will be done."

4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what is Thine ;
"Thy will be done."

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God ! to Thee I leave the rest ;
"Thy will be done."

6 Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done." *C. Elliott.*

412

C.M.

- 1 O H ! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O Holy Dove ! return,
Sweet Messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins which made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God ;
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. *Cowper.*

413

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 " COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
Oh ! blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppress'd !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love that cannot cease.

2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
Oh ! loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night.
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life !"
Oh ! peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife !
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long ;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
Oh ! patient voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, O Lord ! to Thee. *Dix.*

414

8.5.8.3.

1 **A** RT thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest ?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest !"

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide ?
" In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."
- 3 Is there diadem as monarch,
That His brow adorns ?
" Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here ?
" Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last ?
" Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay ?
" Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless ?
" Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes." *Neale.*

415

C.M. D.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
" Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done. *Bonar.*

416

P.M.

- 1 **N**EARER, my God ! to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God ! to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God ! to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !
- 3 There let my way appear
 Steps unto heaven :
All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God ! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

4 Then, with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God ! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

5 And when my Lord again
Glorious shall come,
Mine be a dwelling-place
In Thy bright home,
There evermore to be
Nearer, my God ! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee ! *Mrs. Adams.*

417

C.M.

1 **A**RE your souls the Saviour seeking ?
Peace, peace—be still :
'Tis the Lord Himself is speaking,
Peace, peace—be still ;
For before the world's foundation
God secured a full salvation,
Happy people—chosen nation !
Peace, peace—be still.

2 'Tis the blood of Christ hath spoken,
Peace, peace—be still :
The destroyer sees the token :
Peace, peace—be still.
In the word of God confiding,
Still in Christ for refuge hiding,
We have found a rest abiding ;
Peace, peace—be still.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Great the calm the Saviour spreadeth,
Peace, peace—be still ;
Whatsoever your spirit dreadeth,
Peace, peace—be still ;
Though with mighty foes engaging,
War with sin and Satan waging,
Storms of trial fiercely raging,
Peace, peace—be still.
- 4 Jesus walks upon the ocean,
Peace, peace—be still.
He shall hush its wild commotion,
Peace, peace—be still.
Soon shall end our days of sighing,
Pain and sorrow, death and crying ;
Till that hour, on God relying,
Peace, peace—be still.

418

8.8.8.8.8.8.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;
Thy rod and staff shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

419

C.M.

Addison.

- 1 **W**HEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to fly away.
Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal joys my own.
- 2 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that His blood
My debt of suffering paid.
Sweet in His righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 3 Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of His love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 4 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound ;
And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At His right hand be found.

- 5 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the Church above
In Jesu's presence know ?
If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee ? *Toplady.*

420

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 **I**N life's unclouded morning,
When all is bright around,
When fairest hopes are dawning,
And joy's sweet flowers abound,
I press the greensward lightly
Along my pilgrim way,
Clasping the hand so tightly,
Which leads me day by day.
- 2 Sometimes the path is winding,
Sometimes it's very steep ;
Sometimes I'm tired of minding
Which track I ought to keep ;
Sometimes the road is lonely,
Or foes are near my side ;
But I am safe if only
I listen to my Guide.
- 3 I travel on with gladness,
With such a tender Guide ;
What cause have I for sadness
While He is at my side ?

FAITH AND LOVE.

He ever watches o'er me,
As through the world I roam ;
And all looks bright before me,
For I am going home.

- 4 Home, home, sweet home ! no sorrow,
Nor sin can enter there ;
No partings on the morrow,
No gathering clouds of care.
Lord Jesus ! never leave me,
Preserve me by Thy love ;
And at the last receive me
To that sweet home above !

FAITH AND LOVE.

"Putting on the breastplate of faith and love."—
1 THESS. v. 8.

421

C.M.

- 1 **I**NCREASE our faith, beloved Lord !
For Thou alone canst give
The faith that takes Thee at Thy word,
The faith by which we live.
- 2 Increase our faith ! on this broad shield
All fiery darts be caught ;
We must be victors in the field
Where Thou for us hast fought.
- 3 Increase our faith, that we may claim
Each starry promise sure,
And always triumph in Thy name,
And to the end endure.
- 4 Increase our faith, O Lord, we pray,
That we may not depart
From Thy commands, but all obey
With free and loyal heart.

FAITH AND LOVE.

- 5 Increase our faith, that never dim
Or trembling it may be,
Crowned with the perfect peace of him
Whose mind is stayed on Thee.
- 6 Increase our faith, O Saviour dear,
By Thy sweet sovereign grace,
Till, changing faith for vision clear,
We see Thee face to face ! *F. R. Havergal.*

422

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- 1 **M**Y faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away :
Oh ! let me from this day
Be wholly Thine !
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire !
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh ! may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire !
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide !
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,

FAITH AND LOVE.

Blest Saviour ! then in love
Fear and distrust remove ;
Oh ! bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul ! *Ray Palmer.*

423

8.8.8.8.8.

1 **W**E saw Thee not when Thou didst tread,
In mortal guise, this sinful earth,
Nor heard Thy voice restore the dead,
And wake them to a second birth :
But we believe that Thou didst come,
And leave for us Thy glorious home.

2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,—
“Forgive ! they know not what they do !”
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth, and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where, late, Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way :
But we believe that angels said,
“Why seek the living with the dead ?”

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend :
But we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy faithful people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness :
Yet we believe that Thou art there,
And sing Thy praise, and lift our prayer.
Gurney.

FAITH AND LOVE.

424

L.M.

- 1 **T**HIS not the cross I have to bear,
 'Tis not this cup of pain and care,
 Which constitute my bitter grief :
 It is the heart of unbelief !
- 2 The cross would be but light, without
 The boding fear—the anxious doubt ;
 And honey-drops my cup would fill,
 But for this rebel, restless will.
- 3 'Twas unbelief which sowed the thorn
 By which these weary feet were torn ;
 'Tis unbelief and fear which hide
 The pleasant brooks on either side.
- 4 'Tis faith which hails the fountain's flow,
 And sees the desert lily blow ;
 And listens patiently to hear
 The blessed Master drawing near.
- 5 Dear Lord ! from whom our hearts receive
 The grace to hear Thee and believe,
 Take from my cross its only grief,
 And help—O help my unbelief !

Crowdson.

425

6.5.6.5. D.

- 1 **J**ESUS ! I will trust Thee, trust Thee with
 my soul :
 Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make
 me whole.
 There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee :
 Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, Lord,
 for me.
- 2 Jesus ! I will trust Thee, name of matchless
 worth,
 spoken by the angel at Thy wondrous birth ;

FAITH AND LOVE.

Written, and for ever, on Thy cross of shame
Sinners read and worship, trusting in that
name.

3 Jesus ! I will trust Thee, pond'ring o'er Thy
ways,
Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly days :
Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought
Thy face ;
None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's
grace.

4 Jesus ! I will trust Thee, trust Thy written
Word,
Though Thy voice of pity I have never heard.
When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how
sweet ;
Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.

5 Jesus ! I will trust Thee, trust without a
doubt :
" Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out ;"
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy
blood ;
These my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour
God. *Walker.*

426

8.8.8.8.8.

1 MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness :
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.

FAITH AND LOVE.

- 3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood ;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
- 4 And when the last dread trump shall sound,
Oh ! may I then in Him be found ;
Clothed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before His throne. *Note.*

427

P.M.

- 1 I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee ;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.
- 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon ;
At Thy feet I bow,
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.
- 3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood ;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.
- 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me :
Thou alone shalt lead !
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.
- 5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail !
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.
- 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus ;
Never let me fall !
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

F. R. Havergal.

FAITH AND LOVE.

428

7.6.7.6.

- 1 SIT down beneath His shadow,
And rest with great delight ;
The faith that now beholds Him
Is pledge of future sight.
- 2 Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free ;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For He remembers thee.
- 3 Bring every weary burden,
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief ;
He calls the heavy laden,
And gives them kind relief.
- 4 His righteousness " all glorious "
Thy festal robe shall be ;
And love that passeth knowledge
His banner over thee.
- 5 A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait, and love,
Until He comes in glory,
Until we meet above.
- 6 Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold His beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed !
F. R. Havergal.

429

C.M.

- 1 JESUS ! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

FAITH AND LOVE.

- 2 Tongue never spake, ear never heard,
Never from heart o'erflowed
A dearer name, a sweeter word,
Than Jesus, Son of God.
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart !
To penitents how kind !
To those who seek, how good Thou art ;—
But what to those who find ?
- 4 Ah ! this no tongue can utter ; this
No mortal page can show ;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus ! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be ;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity. *Tr. Caswall.*

430

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains,
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I tell my wants to Jesus ;
All fulness dwells in Him :
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

FAITH AND LOVE.

- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Bonar.

431

8.8.8.8.8.8.

- 1 **O**H ! draw me, Saviour ! after Thee,
So shall I run and never tire :
With gracious words still comfort me,
Be Thou my hope, my sole desire :
Free me from every weight : nor fear
Nor sin can come, if Thou art here !
- 2 What in Thy love possess I not !
My star by night, my sun by day ;
My spring of life, when parched by drought ;
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay ;
My strength, my shield, my safe abode ;
My robe before the throne of God !
- 3 From all eternity with love
Unchangeable Thou hast me viewed ;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued ;
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side !

FAITH AND LOVE.

- 4 In suffering be Thy love my peace ;
In weakness be Thy love my power ;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus ! in that eventful hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
And save me, Who for me hast died !

Tr. J. Wesley.

432

8.8.8.8.8.8.

- 1 THOU hidden love of God ! whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows !
I see from far Thy beauteous light ;
Inly I sigh for Thy repose ;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share ?
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there :
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

- 3 Oh ! wean this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live ;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling sin survive :
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

- 4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call :
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
“ I am thy love, thy God, thine All ; ”
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

Tr. J. Wesley.

FAITH AND LOVE.

433

6.5. D.

- 1 SAVIOUR! blessed Saviour! listen while
we sing,
Hearts and voices raising praises to our King.
All we have we offer; all we hope to be;
Body, soul, and spirit, all we yield to Thee.
- 2 Nearer, ever nearer, Christ! we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration, bending low the knee;
Thou, for our redemption, cam'st on earth to
die;
Thou, that we might follow, hast gone up on
high.
- 3 Great and ever greater are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow, toil or care is
known;
Where the angel-legions circle round Thy
throne.
- 4 Dark and ever darker was the wintry past;
Now a ray of gladness o'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth, every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeigned, love that never dies.
- 5 Clearer still and clearer dawns the light from
heaven,
In our sadness bringing news of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows, pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance on a world of
sin.
- 6 Brighter still and brighter glows the western
sun,
Shedding all its gladness o'er our work that's
done;
Time will soon be over, toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Saviour! find a rest at last.
Irving.

1 MY heart is fixed, eternal God,
Fixed on Thee ;
And my immortal choice is made,
Christ for me ;
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who did for me salvation bring,
And while I live I mean to sing
Christ for me—Christ for me.

2 In Him I see the Godhead shine,
Christ for me ;
He is the Majesty Divine,
Christ for me ;
The Father's well-belovèd Son,
Co-partner of His royal throne,
Who did for human guilt atone,
Christ for me—Christ for me.

3 Let others boast of heaps of gold,
Christ for me ;
His riches never can be told,
Christ for me ;
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honours perish in a day ;
My portion never can decay,
Christ for me—Christ for me.

4 In pining sickness, or in health,
Christ for me ;
In deepest poverty or wealth,
Christ for me ;
And in that all-important day
When I the summons must obey,
And pass from this dark world away,
Christ for me—Christ for me !

Richard Jukes, 1862.

FAITH AND LOVE.

435

10.10.10.10.10.

- 1 **L**ONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
Far did I rove, and found no certain home,
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who lifts His voice and bids the weary come:
With Him I found a home, a rest divine,
And I since then am His, and He is mine.
- 2 The good I have is from His stores supplied ;
The ill is only what He deems the best ;
Him for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside;
And poor without Him though of all pos-
sessed.
Changes may come : I take, or I resign :
Content, while I am His, and He is mine.
- 3 Whate'er may change, in Him no change is
seen ;
A glorious sun that wanes not nor declines ;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines :
All may depart ; I fret not nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.
- 4 While here, alas ! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore ;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine. *Lyte.*

436

8.8.6. D.

- 1 **O** LORD, how happy should we be,
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest ;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

- 2 How far from this, our daily life,
How oft disturb'd by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms :
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine almighty arms !
- 3 Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer ;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.
- 4 We cannot trust Him as we should ;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away ;
But birds and flowerets round us show
Our Father's care for all below
Sufficient for the day.
- 5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace. *Anstice.*

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone. . . . In whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit."—EPH. ii. 20, 22.

437

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ our Lord :
She is His new creation
By water and the word :



THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride,
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation—
One Lord, one faith, one birth.
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest ;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long !"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Stone.

438

8.7.8.7.

1 **T**HROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

22

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

- 2 One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread .
- 3 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires :
- 4 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun :
- 5 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

439

8.7.8.7. D.

- 1 **G** LORIOUS things of Thee are spoken,
Zion ! city of our God ;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed Thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See ! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows, their thirst to assuage ?
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

3 Saviour ! if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name !
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know !

Newton.

440

11.11.11.11.

- 1 O ZION ! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man
can save ;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dis-
mayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.
- 2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh over-
whelm,
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm :
His wisdom conducts thee, His power thee
defends,
In safety and quiet thy voyage He ends.
- 3 "O fearful ! O faithless !" in mercy He cries,
"My promise, my truth, are they light in
thine eyes ?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall
stand,
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee
to land.
- 4 "Forget thee I will not, I cannot. Thy name,
Engraved on my heart doth for ever remain !
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

5 "Then trust me, and fear not, thy life is
secure :

My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power ;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to
shine."

441

10.10.11.10.

1 **Y**E servants of God ! your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name -
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save ;
And still He is nigh ; His presence we have :
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God ! who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son :
Our Saviour's high praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might ;
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Wesley.

442

S.M.

1 **T**HE Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, Sinner ! come ;
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all her children, Come !

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come !
*Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come.*

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

3 Yea, whosoever will,
Oh ! let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come !"
Lord ! even so we wait Thine hour ;
O blest Redeemer ! come !

Onderdonk.

443

P.M.

- 1 "YET there is room !" the Lamb's bright
hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along.
Room, room, still room !
Oh ! enter, enter, now !
- 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low :
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go.
- 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast ;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest.
- 4 It fills, it fills ; that hall of jubilee !
Make haste, make haste ! 'tis not too full for
thee.
- 5 Yet there is room ! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love ; it is not yet too late.
- 6 Pass in, pass in. That banquet is for thee ;
That cup of everlasting love is free.
- 7 All heaven is there : all joy ! Go in, go in,
The Saviour beckons thee the prize to win.
- 8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call ;
Come, lingerer ! come ; enter that ~~festal hall~~.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy
doom :

Then the last, low, long cry : " No room, no
room ! "

No room, no room !

Oh ! woful cry, " No room ! "

Bonar.

444

S. M. D., with Refrain.

1 **T**HE Church has waited long,
Her absent Lord to see ;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.
Come, then, Lord Jesu ! come.

2 Saint after saint on earth,
Has lived, and loved, and died ;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn ;
We laid them but to slumber there
Till the last glorious morn.
Come, then, Lord Jesu ! come.

3 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice,
How long, O Lord our God !
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,
Her sighs, and tears, and blood ?
Come, then, Lord Jesu ! come.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

- 4 We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.
Come, Lord ! and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain ;
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come, then, Lord Jesu ! come.

Bonar.

445

C.M.

- 1 **B** RIDE of the Lamb, awake, awake !
Why sleep for sorrow now,
The Hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
A child of glory thou.
Listen for the midnight cry,
Awake ! arise ! thy Lord is nigh.
Awake ! arise ! thy Lord is nigh.
- 2 Thy spirit through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for One that's far away,
The Bridegroom of thy heart.
- 3 This earth, the scene of all His woe,
A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon upon His heavenly throne
Its rightful King shall see.
- 4 Thou too shalt reign ; He will not wear
His crown of joy alone ;
And earth His royal bride shall see
Beside Him on the throne.
- 5 Then weep no more ; 'tis all thine own,
His crown, His joy Divine ;
And sweeter far than all beside,
The Lord Himself is thine !

Denny.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

446

S.M.

- 1 **F**AR down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,
Until her crown be won.
- 2 The story of the past
Comes up before her view ;
How well it seems to suit her still,
Old, and yet ever new.
- 3 'Tis the same story still
Of sin and weariness,
Of grace and love yet flowing down
To pardon and to bless.
- 4 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to light and day.
- 5 No feebler is the foe,
No slacker grows the fight,
Nor less the need of armour tried,
Of shield and helmet bright.
- 6 Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where He leads the way,
The kingdom in our view. *Bonar.*

447

8.7.8.7. D.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thy Church her watch is keeping ;
When shall earth Thy rule obey ?
When shall end the night of weeping ?
When shall break the promised day ?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil ;
Was it vain—Thy Son's deep anguish ?
Shall the strong retain the spoil ?

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

- 2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard ;
Can they hear without a preacher ?
Lord Almighty ! give the word !
Give the word ; in every nation
Let the Gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.
- 3 Then the end ; Thy Church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound and banished sin :
Gone for ever, parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain ;—
Lo ! Thy Church her watch is keeping,
Come, Lord Jesus ! come to reign !

Downton.

448

P.M.

- 1 'TIS the Church triumphant singing,
Worthy the Lamb ;
Heaven throughout with praises ringing,
Worthy the Lamb.
Thrones and powers before Him bending,
Odours sweet with voice ascending,
Swell the chorus never ending,
Worthy the Lamb.
- 2 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
Worthy the Lamb,
Join to sing the great salvation,
Worthy the Lamb.
Loud as mighty thunders roaring,
Floods of mighty waters pouring,
Prostrate at His feet adoring :
Worthy the Lamb.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

3 Harps and songs for ever sounding,
 Worthy the Lamb ;
Mighty grace o'er sin abounding,
 Worthy the Lamb.
By His blood He dearly bought us ;
Wandering from the fold He sought us,
And to glory safely brought us :
 Worthy the Lamb !

4 Sing with blest anticipation,
 Worthy the Lamb ;
Through the vale of tribulation,
 Worthy the Lamb.
Sweetest notes, all notes excelling,
On the theme for ever dwelling,
Still untold, though ever telling :
 Worthy the Lamb !

Kent.

449

8.6.8.6.8.8.

- 1 **H**OW sweet to think that all who love
 The Saviour's precious name,
Who look by faith to Him above,
 And own His gentle claim,
Though severed wide by land or sea,
Are members of one family !
- 2 Christians who dwell on snow-clad ground,
 Or on the burning strand,
And those whose happy home is found
 In our fair, peaceful land,
Are linked by more than earthly tie,
And form one loving family.
- 3 "Our Father" is the hallowed sound
 They breathe from day to day !
Trained by His love, their steps are found
 In the same heavenward way ;
Their joys are one, alike their fears,
The same bright hope their exile cheers.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 4 Yes, they are one—though some, we know,
Have reached the home of love ;
But those who yet remain below
Are one with those above :
In that bright world are mansions fair,
And all will soon be gathered there !

H. Whittemore.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

"If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another."—1 JOHN I. 7.

450

7.7.7.7.

- 1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet !
G Christian fellowship, how sweet !
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's name.
- 2 Sing we, then, eternal love,
Such as did the Father move :
He beheld the world undone ;
Loved the world, and gave His Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love ;
How He left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love ;
With our stubborn hearts He strove,
Chased the mists of sin away,
Turned our night to glorious day.
- 5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet ;
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they praise Jehovah's name !

Order.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

451

C.M.

- 1 **O**UR God is love ; and all His saints
His image bear below ;
The heart, with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.
- 2 Oh ! may we love each other, Lord !
As we are loved of Thee !
For none are truly born of God,
Who live in enmity.
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
The cords of love our hearts should bind,
The law of love inflame.
- 4 Give us, O Lord ! Thy heavenly grace,
Thy holy rule to keep ;
With saints rejoicing to rejoice,
With weeping saints to weep.
- 5 So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wondering say, as they of old,
“ See how these Christians love ! ”
- 6 Eternal Father ! to Thy name
Be endless glory given,
Who fashionest with holy love
The hearts of Thine for heaven.

452

C.M.

- 1 **H**OW bright those saints in glory shine,
Whence all their bright array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?
- 2 Lo ! these have come from sufferings great,
To realms of endless light :
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 3 Now with triumphant palms they stand
Before the throne on high ;
And serve the Lord they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every voice to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.
- 5 The Lamb, who dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside ;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 6 To pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear :
And God, the Lord, from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

453

L.M.

- 1 **E**XALTED high at God's right hand,
Girding the throne where angels stand,
With glory crowned, in white array,
What are their names, and whence came they ?
- 2 These are the saints beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood ;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.
- 3 Through tribulation great they came ;
They bore the cross, despised the shame ;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.
- 4 Hunger and thirst they feel no more ;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore ;
To wells of living water led,
By God the Lamb for ever fed.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

5 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace ;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
And thus the loud hosanna raise :

6 " Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign ;
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God." *Hill.*

454

C.M.

- 1 **H**ARK ! how the choir around the throne
Adore their glorious King !
They drink full draughts of bliss unknown,
And Hallelujah sing.
- 2 They range through heaven's unmeasured plain,
And find new cause for praise ;
See more of Jesus, and again
Loud Hallelujahs raise.
- 3 Anon, the pearly gates unfold,
An heir of bliss draws nigh ;
Again they strike their harps of gold,
And Hallelujah cry.
- 4 Another sinner born of God
Makes heaven's vast concave ring ;
Again they Jesu's love record,
And Hallelujah sing.
- 5 At last the ransomed throng complete
Is glorified throughout :
Again they bow at Jesu's feet,
And Hallelujah shout.
- 6 Ere long we hope to join the throng
Who bow before the King ;
And in one everlasting song
Our Hallelujah bring. Joseph Irons, 1825.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

455

8.7.8.7. D.

1 **H**ARK the sound of holy voices, chanting at
the crystal sea
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Lord to
Thee.

Multitude, which none can number, like the
stars, in glory stands
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of
victory in their hands.

2 They have come from tribulation, and have
washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus ; tried they
were, and firm they stood ;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, sawn
asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan by the
might of Christ the Lord.

3 Marching with Thy cross their banner, they
have triumphed following
Thee, the Captain of salvation, Thee, their
Saviour, and their King ;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered ; gladly,
Lord, with Thee they died ;
And by death to life immortal they were born,
and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they
walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss,
yea infinite ;
Love and peace they taste for ever ; and all
truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision of the blessed Trinity !

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

5 God of God, the One-begotten, Light of light,
Emmanuel,
In whose body joined together all the saints
for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may
for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and God the
Holy Ghost adore ! *Bp. Wordsworth.*

456

D. C.M.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joys celestial rise.
Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 3 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned ;
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
Lord Jesus ! be our constant guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

C. Wesley.

FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN i. 7.

457

7.7.7.7.

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit ! from on high,
Bend on us a pitying eye ;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.
- 2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness ;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.
- 3 Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief :
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.
- 4 Other groundwork should we lay,
Sweep those empty hopes away ;
Make us feel that Christ alone
Can for human guilt atone.
- 5 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained by wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

458

C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

- 3 Dear dying Lamb ! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Lord ! I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me !
- 6 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine. *Cowper.*

459

6.6.6.6.6.6.

- 1 **N**OW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain :
The wounds of Jesus for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain ;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 O Love, thou fathomless abyss !
My sins are swallowed up in Thee ;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries !
- 3 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be
gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn ;

FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

On this my steadfast soul relies :
Father, Thy mercy never dies.

- 4 Fix'd on this Rock will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away ;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love. Tr *Wesley.*

460

6.6.6.6.

- 1 **T**HY works, not mine, O Christ !
Speak gladness to this heart ;
They tell me all is done ;
They bid my fear depart.
- 2 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ !
Have healed my bruised soul ;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that made me whole.
- 3 Thy blood, not mine, O Christ !
Thy blood so freely spilt,
Has cleansed my darkest stain,
And purged away my guilt.
- 4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ !
Has paid the ransom due ;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.
- 5 Thy righteousness, O Christ !
Alone does cover me ;
No righteousness avails,
Save that which is in Thee. *Bonar.*

461

7.7.7.7.

- 1 **J**ESUS Christ is passing by :
Sinner, lift to Him thine eye ;
As the precious moments flee,
Cry, " Be merciful to me."

FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

- 2 Jesus Christ is passing by ;
Will He always be so nigh ?
Now is the accepted day,
Seek for healing while you may.
- 3 Fearest thou He will not hear ?
Art thou bidden to forbear ?
Let no obstacle defeat :
Yet more earnestly entreat.
- 4 Lo ! He stands and calls to thee,
" What wilt thou then have of Me ? "
Rise and tell Him all thy need ;
Rise, He calleth thee indeed.
- 5 " Lord, I would Thy mercy see ;
Lord reveal Thy love to me ;
Let it penetrate my soul ;
All my heart and life control."
- 6 Oh how sweet ! the touch of power
Comes ; it is salvation's hour ;
Jesus gives from guilt release ;
Faith hath saved thee, go in peace.

462

P.M.

- 1 **T**H**E**R**E** is life for a look at the crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee ;
Then hasten to look unto Him, and be saved ;
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.
- 2 Oh ! why was He there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy sins were not laid ?
Oh ! why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing
blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid ?
- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the Blood that atones for the soul ;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

- 4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has
declared
There remaineth no more to be done ;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.
- 5 But take with rejoicing, from Jesus at once,
The Life Everlasting He gives ;
And know, with assurance, Thou never canst
die,
Since Jesus, thy Righteousness, lives.
- 6 There is life for a look at the crucified One :
There is life at this moment for thee ;
Then look, sinner ! look unto Him and be
saved,
And know thyself spotless as He.

Hull.

463

7.6.7.6.

- 1 THE sprinkled blood is speaking
Before the Father's throne,
The Spirit's power is seeking
To make its virtues known.
- 2 The sprinkled blood is speaking
Forgiveness full and free,
Its wondrous power is breaking
Each bond of guilt for me.
- 3 The sprinkled blood is pleading
Its virtue as mine own,
And there my soul is reading
Her title to the throne.
- 4 The sprinkled blood secureth
Our mansions bright and fair
There sinless joy endureth,
We rest with Jesus there.

FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

464

8.8.8.6.

- 1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot !
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without—
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,—
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,—
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive—
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,—
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be Thine—yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 7 Just as I am—of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

C. ELKOTT.

FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

465

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeem'd me
At such tremendous cost ;
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.
 - 2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own ;
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.
 - 3 I could not do without Thee,
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need ;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessed Lord, but Thine.
 - 4 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness,
The river must be passed ;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, " It is I."
- F. R. Havergal.

FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

466

7.6.7.6. D.

- 1 **S**AFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark ! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me ;
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
- 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.
- 3 Jesus ! my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me :
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be ;
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning,
Break on the golden shore. *Crosby.*

467

P.M.

- 1 **T**HE wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come,
The prodigal is welcomed home,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.
- 2 Though clothed with shame, by sin defiled,
The Father hath embraced His child,
And I am pardoned, reconciled,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

- 3 It is the Father's joy to bless,
His love provides for me a dress,
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.
- 4 Now shall my famished soul be fed,
A feast of love for me is spread ;
I feed upon the " children's bread,"
O Lamb of God, in Thee.
- 5 It is Thy precious Name I bear,
It is Thy spotless robe I wear ;
Therefore the Father's love I share,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.
- 6 And when I in Thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be Thine,
That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God, in Thee. *Walker.*

468

L.M.

- 1 **G**O, saith the Lord, proclaim my grace
To all the sons of Adam's race,
Pardon for every crimson sin,
And at Jerusalem begin.
- 2 Now let the daring rebels turn,
And o'er their bleeding Sov'reign mourn ;
Their bleeding Sov'reign shall forgive,
And bid the rebels look, and live.
- 3 Is this Thy voice, all gracious Lord ?
And did the rebels hear Thy word ?
And did they fall before Thy feet ?
And on their knees forgiveness meet ?
- 4 Then may I hope for pardon too,
Thy love can my hard heart subdue,
And give my guilty soul a place
Amongst the captives of Thy grace.

FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

469

7.7.7.7.7.

1 **W**HEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glowing sun,
When I stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord ! shall I fully know,
Not till then—how much I owe.

2 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord ! shall I fully know,
Not till then—how much I owe.

3 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinching heart,
Then, Lord ! shall I fully know,
Not till then—how much I owe.

4 Ev'n on earth, as through a glass
Darkly, let Thy glory pass ;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet ;
Ev'n on earth, Lord ! make me know
Something of how much I owe.

5 Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord ! on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

McCheyne.

RESURRECTION.

470

P.M.

- 1 **A**ROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand ;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.
Singing glory, glory, glory be to God
on high.
- 2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace; and joy, and love—
How came those children there ?
- 3 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin ;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.
- 4 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name ;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

Shepherd.

RESURRECTION.

"As for me, I will behold Thy presence in righteousness, and when I awake up after Thy likeness I shall be satisfied with it."—PSALM xvii. 16.

471

7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Redeemer, lives,
Christ, my trust, is dead no more ;
In the strength this knowledge gives,
Shall not all my fears be o'er ?
Calm, though death's long night be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought.

RESURRECTION.

- 2 Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
And His life I soon shall see ;
Bright the hope this promise gives,
Where He is I too shall be :
Shall I fear then ? can the Head
Rise and leave the members dead ?
- 3 Close to Him my soul is bound,
In the bonds of hope enclasp'd ;
Faith's strong hand this hold hath found,
And the Rock hath firmly grasp'd ;
And no ban of death can part
From our Lord the trusting heart.
- 4 I shall see Him with these eyes,
Him whom I shall surely know ;
Not another shall I rise,
With His love this heart shall glow ;
Only there shall disappear
Weakness in and round me here.
- 5 Ye who suffer, sigh, and moan,
Fresh and glorious there shall reign ;
Earthly here the seed is sown,
Heavenly it shall rise again ;
When the final trump is heard,
And the deaf cold grave is stirred.
- 6 Only see ye that your heart
Rise betimes from earthly lust ;
Would ye there with Him have part,
Here obey your Lord, and trust.
Fix your hearts beyond the skies,
Whither ye yourselves would rise.

Louisa, Electress of Brandenburg.

RESURRECTION.

472

P.M.

- 1 SOON and for ever the breaking of day
Shall chase all the night-clouds of sorrow
away ;
Soon and for ever we'll see as we're seen,
And know the deep meaning of things that
have been,
Where fightings without us and conflicts within
Shall weary no more in the warfare with sin—
Where tears and where fears and where death
shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be soon and for
ever.
- 2 Soon and for ever, such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes, and dust be to dust,
Soon and for ever our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in Thee ;
When cares and the sorrows of time shall be
o'er,
Its pangs and its partings remembered no
more
Where life cannot fail and where death cannot
sever,
Christians with Christ shall be, soon and for
ever.
- 3 Soon and for ever the work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished, the victory won ;
Soon and for ever the soldier lay down
The sword for a harp and the cross for a crown.
Then droop not in sorrow, despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow is brightening and near,
When—blessèd reward for each faithful en-
deavour—
Christians with Christ shall be, soon and for
ever.

Monwell.

RESURRECTION.

- 3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ His risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust, and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day !
- 4 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joy shall be complete :
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse will be no more !
- 5 Hasten, O Lord ! the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display ;
When all Thy saints from death shall rise,
To reign in bliss beyond the skies.

476

L.M.

Rowland Hill.

- 1 **W**HAT sinners value I resign ;
Lord ! 'tis enough that Thou art mine :
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall I wake, and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground, ♪
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise. *Watts.*

477

C.M.

- 1 **T**IS sweet to think of those at rest,
Who sleep in Christ the Lord ;
Whose spirits now with Him are blest,
According to His word.

RESURRECTION.

They once were pilgrims here with us,
In Jesus now they sleep ;
And we for them, while resting thus,
As hopeless cannot weep.

How bright the resurrection morn
On all the saints will break !
The Lord Himself will then return
His ransomed Church to take.

4 The raised and living saints will meet,
All grief and care removed ;
What joy 'twill be to us to greet
Each saint whom here we loved !

5 Our Lord Himself we then shall see,
Whose blood for us was shed ;
With Him for ever we shall be,
Made like our glorious Head.

Samuel F. Tregelles, LL.D., 1846

478

S.M. D.

1 "FOR ever with the Lord !"
Amen, so let it be !
Life from the dead is in that word ;
'Tis immortality !
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul ! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !
Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above !

RESURRECTION.

- 3 "For ever with the Lord !"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Ev'n here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail ;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand ;
Fight, and I must prevail.
- 4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord."
- 5 The trump of final doom
Will speak the selfsame word,
And heaven's voice thunder through the
tomb,
"For ever with the Lord."
The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening sound ;
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
And answer from the ground.
- 6 Then heavenward as they fly,
That Resurrection word
Shall be their shout of victory,
"For ever with the Lord."
That Resurrection word,
That shout of victory,
"For ever, ever with the Lord !"
Amen, so let it be !

Montgomery.

RESURRECTION.

479

7.7.7.8.8.

- 1 NOW the labourer's task is o'er ;
Now the battle-day is past ;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 2 There the tears of earth are dried ;
There its hidden things are clear ;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 3 There the sinful souls that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace ;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well ;
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

J. Ellerton.

480

L.M.

- 1 THOU art gone to the grave !—but we will
not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
tomb ;
Thy Saviour has passed through its portal be-
fore thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through
the gloom !

RESURRECTION.

- 2 Thou art gone to the grave !—we no longer
 behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy
 side ;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to en-
 fold thee,
And sinners may die, for the SINLESS has died !
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave !—and, its mansions
 forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long ;
But the mild rays of paradise beamed on thy
 waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the
 seraphim's song !
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave !—but we will not
 deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy
 guide ;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore
 thee,
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died !
Heber.

Hebet.

481

7.7.7.7. D.

- 1 **D**EATHLESS principle, arise !
 Soar, thou native of the skies !
 Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
 To His glorious likeness wrought,
 Go, to shine before His throne ;
 Deck His mediatorial crown ;
 Go, His triumphs to adorn ;
 Made for God, to God return !
- 2 Lo, He beckons from on high :
 Fearless to His presence fly !
Thine the merit of His blood,
Thine the Righteousness of God ;

RESURRECTION.

Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on Him,
Him whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

- 3 See the haven full in view,
Love Divine shall bear thee through !
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail !
Such the transports that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes ;
Such the glorious vista, faith
Opens through the shades of death.

Toplady. 1777.

482

10.10.10.2.

- 1 SLEEP on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's
breast ;
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best.—
Good night.
- 2 Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep,
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep.
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep.—
Good night.
- 3 Until the shadow from this earth is cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the twilight gloom is overpast,—
Good night.
- 4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise,—
Good night.
- 5 Until made beautiful by love divine,
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine,—
Good night.

RESURRECTION.

6 *Only* "Good night," beloved, not farewell !
"A little while" and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible.—

Good night.

7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robes He gives His own ;
Until we know, even as we are known,—

Good night.

483

6.6.6.6.8.8.

1 **S**AFE home, safe home in port !
Rent cordage, shatter'd deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck ;
But oh ! the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage perils o'er !

2 The prize, the prize secure !
The warrior nearly fell ;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well ;
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on !

3 No more the foe can harm ;
No more of leaguer'd camp,
The cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp ;
And yet how nearly had he fail'd—
How nearly had that foe prevail'd !

4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penn'd ;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end ;
But One came by with wounded Side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

HEAVEN.

- 5 The exile is at home!—
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins and doubts and fears!
What matter now?—In heavenly day
The King has wiped all tears away!

484

P.M.

Greek Church.

- 1 TENDER Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.
- 2 In a world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To Thy heaven bright and fair,
Lovingly Thou dost receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.
- 3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
There may live where it is living,
And the blissful pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Lost awhile our treasured love:
Gain'd for ever, safe above. *C. Winkworth.*

HEAVEN.

"The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof."—REV. xxi. 28.

485

6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

- 1 O HEAVEN, sweet heaven,
The home of the blest,
Where hearts, once in trouble,
Are ever at rest;

HEAVEN.

Where eyes that could see not
Rejoice in the light,
And sinners made holy
Are walking in white.

2 O heaven, sweet heaven,
Where purity reigns,
Where error disturbs not,
And sin never stains ;
Where holiness robes in
Its garments so fair
The great multitude
That is worshipping there.

3 O heaven, sweet heaven,
Where friends never part,
But cords of true friendship
Bind firmly the heart ;
Where farewell shall never
More fall on the ear,
Nor eyes that have sorrowed
Be dimmed with a tear.

4 O heaven, sweet heaven,
The mansion of love,
Where Christ in His beauty
Shines forth from above,
The Lamb, with His sceptre,
To charm and control ;
And love is the sea
That encircles the whole. *Nevin.*

486

C.M.

1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

HEAVEN.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes ;—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore ! *Wat's.*

487

C.M.

- 1 JERUSALEM ! my happy home !
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?
- 2 When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

HEAVEN.

- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
My soul still pants for Thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I Thy joys shall see ! *Baker.*

488

7.6.7.6.

- 1 JERUSALEM the golden !
With milk and honey blest ;
Beneath Thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest :
- 2 I know not, oh ! I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare !
- 3 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
- 4 There is the throne of David ;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
- 5 And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

HEAVEN.

- 6 Jesu ! in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard (Neale).

489

P.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven :
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
When storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven. *Tappean.*

490

6.6.8.6.4.7.

- 1 **F**ROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek for Canaan's better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.
- 2 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflicts o'er ;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.

HEAVEN.

- 3 There in celestial strains
Enraptured myriads sing ;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.
- 4 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.
- 5 How sweet the prospect is !
It cheers the pilgrim's breast !
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God. *Kelly.*

491

8.7.8.7. D.

- 1 **H**EAR ye not the Saviour calling,
Calling from the distant shore,—
Calling o'er the troubled waters
Ever and for evermore ?
“ Trust the ocean now no longer,
Clouds are rising in the west ;
Come to Me, and seek the haven
Where the weary be at rest.”
- 2 Peaceful are its living waters
Rippling in the golden light,
Brighter than a sea of crystal
With eternal glory bright ;
There nor sudden storm or tempest
Beats upon its tranquil shore,
*There no sound but songs of gladness
Ever and for evermore.*

HEAVEN.

- 3 Listen, for the days are fleeting,
Listen to your Saviour's call,
Listen, whilst the heart is beating,
Ere the evening shadows fall ;
Listen, for His call is louder
Than the loudest call of mirth ;
Listen, for His voice is sweeter
Than the sweetest voice on earth.
- 4 Earthly joys are few and failing,
Waning is the summer's day !
See the shadows as they lengthen,
Chasing evening lights away ;
Darkness o'er your life is creeping,
Storms are brooding in the sky,—
Hear ye not your Saviour calling ?
Hasten to Him ere ye die.
- 5 Lost in holy contemplation,
Yearning for a higher sphere,
Learn to pass the night of sadness
Till the dawning draweth near ;
Till ye hear your Saviour calling,
Calling from a nearer shore,
Having crossed the troubled waters
Ever and for evermore.

492

S.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is no night in heaven ;
In that blest world above,
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.
- 2 There is no grief in heaven ;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

HEAVEN.

- 3 There is no sin in heaven ;
Behold that blessed throng—
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song !
- 4 There is no death in heaven ;
For they who gain that shore
Have put on immortality,
And they can die no more.
- 5 Lord Jesus ! be our Guide ;
Oh ! lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heaven is won !
- Knollis.*

493

P.M.

- 1 THERE is a city bright,
Closed are its gates to sin,
Nought that defileth,
Nought that defileth
Can ever enter in.
- 2 Saviour, I come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I pray,
Cleanse me, and save me,
Cleanse me, and save me,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Lord, make me from this hour
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by Thy power,
Kept by Thy power
From all that grieveth Thee.
- 4 Till in the snowy dress
Of Thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land.

HEAVEN.

494

7.6.7.6.

- 1 **B**RIEF life is here our portion ;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care :
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is THERE.
- 2 Oh ! happy restitution !
Short toil, eternal rest !
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !
- 3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
- 4 And He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known !
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
- 5 The morning shall awaken ;
The shadows shall decay ;
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
- 6 There Christ, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

Bernard (Neale).

495

L.M.

- 1 “ **W**E’VE no abiding city here : ”
This may distress the worldling’s
mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

HEAVEN.

- 2 "We've no abiding city here : "
Sad truth, were this to be our home ;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here : "
We seek a city out of sight ;
Zion its name,—the Lord is there ;—
It shines with everlasting light.
- 4 O sweet abode of peace and love !
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest ;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 5 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine,
The time my God appoints is best ;
While here, to do His will be mine,
And His to fix my time of rest. *Kelly.*

496

10.10.10.10.

- 1 JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above ;
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, Come !
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
- 2 Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go ;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.
- 3 Friends fondly cherished have passed on
before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,
Singing to cheer us while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully, join we their song.
- 4 Death with his arrow may soon lay us low :
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not to go ;
He will be with us through all the dark way :
Joyfully, joyfully, meet we the day.

HEAVEN.

- 5 Bright will eternity's morning appear ;
Death shall be conquered, and dried every tear ;
Then o'er the plains of sweet Canaan we'll
 roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

497

8.8.8.8.

- 1 **W**E speak of the realms of the blest,
 That country so bright and so fair ;
And oft are its glories confessed ;
But what will it be to be there !
- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold, !
 Its walls decked with jewels so rare ;
Its wonders and pleasures untold ;
But what will it be to be there !
- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within ;
But what must it be to be there !
- 4 We speak of its service of love,
 Of robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above ;
But what must it be to be there !
- 5 Do Thou, Lord ! 'midst pleasure or woe,
 For heaven our spirits prepare ;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there. *Mills.*

498

P.M.

- 1 **H**ERE we suffer grief and pain,
 Here we meet to part again ;
In heaven we part no more.
 Oh ! that will be joyful !
 Joyful, joyful, joyful !
 Oh ! that will be joyful !
When we meet to part no more. 25

HEAVEN.

- 2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And join with saints above.
- 3 Little children will be there
Who have sought the Lord by prayer
From every Sunday School.
- 4 Teachers, too, will meet above ;
Pastors, parents, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
- 5 Oh ! how happy we shall be !
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on His throne.

Billy.

499

7.7.7.7. D.

- 1 **L**ITTLE travellers Zion-ward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest,
There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns His followers win :
Lift your heads, ye golden gates !
Let the little travellers in !
- 2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat
They have ever kept in view ?
" I from Greenland's frozen land ; "
" I from India's sultry plain ; "
" I from Afric's barren sand ; "
" I from islands of the main."
- 3 " All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by ;
There together met at last,
At the portal of the sky."

HEAVEN.

Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin.
Lift your heads, ye golden gates !
Let the little travellers in !

Edmeston.

500

8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

- 1 **T**HERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky ;
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.
- 2 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy ;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.
- 3 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually ;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing,—
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.
- 4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by ;

TIME

TIME.

*"He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee
in all thy ways."—PSALM xci. 11.*

504

6.5.6.5. D.

1 **S**TANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear.
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the Day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away!

2 I the Lord am with thee,
Be not thou afraid!
I will help and strengthen,
Be not thou dismayed!
Yea, I will uphold thee
With my own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In my sight to stand.

3 For the year before us,
Oh what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.

TIME.

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake ;
His eternal covenant
He will never break !
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear ?
God is all sufficient
For the coming year.

F. R. Havergal.

505

C.M.

- 1 O GOD ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !
- 2 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 O God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home !

HYMN.

506

S.M. D.

- 1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, O my Lord ! prepare
My soul for that great day :
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
- 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
- 5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way :
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day.
- 6 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live ; who lives
That we with Him may reign. *Bonar.*

507

L.M.

- 1 JUST when Thou wilt, O Master, call !
Or at the noon, or evening fall,
Or in the dark, or in the light,
Just when Thou wilt, it must be right.

HYMN.

- 2 Just when Thou wilt, O Saviour, come,
Take me to dwell in Thy bright home !
Or when the snows have crowned my head,
Or ere it hath one silver thread.
- 3 Just when Thou wilt, O Bridegroom, say,
Rise up, my love, and come away !
Open to me Thy golden gate,
Just when Thou wilt, or soon, or late.
- 4 Just when Thou wilt—Thy time is best—
Thou shalt appoint my hour of rest,
Marked by the Sun of perfect love,
Shining unchangeably above.
- 5 Just when Thou wilt, no choice for me !
Life is a gift to use for Thee ;
Death is a hushed and perfect trust,
With Thee, my King, my Saviour, Christ !
F. R. Havergal.

508

P.M.

- 1 **O**NE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I'm nearer home to-day
Than e'er I've been before.
Nearer my home, nearer my home,
Nearer my home to-day
Than e'er I've been before.
- 2 Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea,
Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be.
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens we lay down ;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

TIME.

4 Lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is that deep, unknown stream
Cross'd ere we reach the light.

5 Jesu ! perfect my trust,
Strengthen my wav'ring faith :
Be near me when I stand
Upon the shore of death ;

6 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink ;
May be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now, than I think.

Carey.

509

1 O UR Helper God, we bless His Name,
The same His power, His grace the same,
The tokens of His friendly care
Open and crown and close the year.

2 Amidst ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by His guardian hand,
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far His arm hath led us on,
Thus far we make His mercies known,
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear in His bright courts above
Inscriptions of immortal love.

510

8.7. D.

1 T *IME* is swiftly passing o'er us,
Swiftly life is fleeting by,
Unknown paths lie stretched before us,
Joys and *griefs* behind us die.

TIME.

Lord, accept our soul's submission,
Strengthen Hope, remove each fear ;
Thus we spend, in deep contrition,
Evening hours of the year !

- 2 Fount of life, our life renewing,
Grant us grace to meet each foe,
Every sin and doubt subduing,
Bless us as we onward go.
Thus by Thee our pathway cheering,
Calm and strong in peace or strife,
We will serve, until are nearing
Evening hours of our life !

- 3 Then the bright new year awaking
Glorious, calm, eternal day ;
Never our glad hearts forsaking,
Shall that Sun withdraw His ray.
Earthly griefs assuaged, forgotten,
Perils past and sins forgiven ;
What eternal joy shall herald
Dawning hours of Home and Heaven !

M. B. W.

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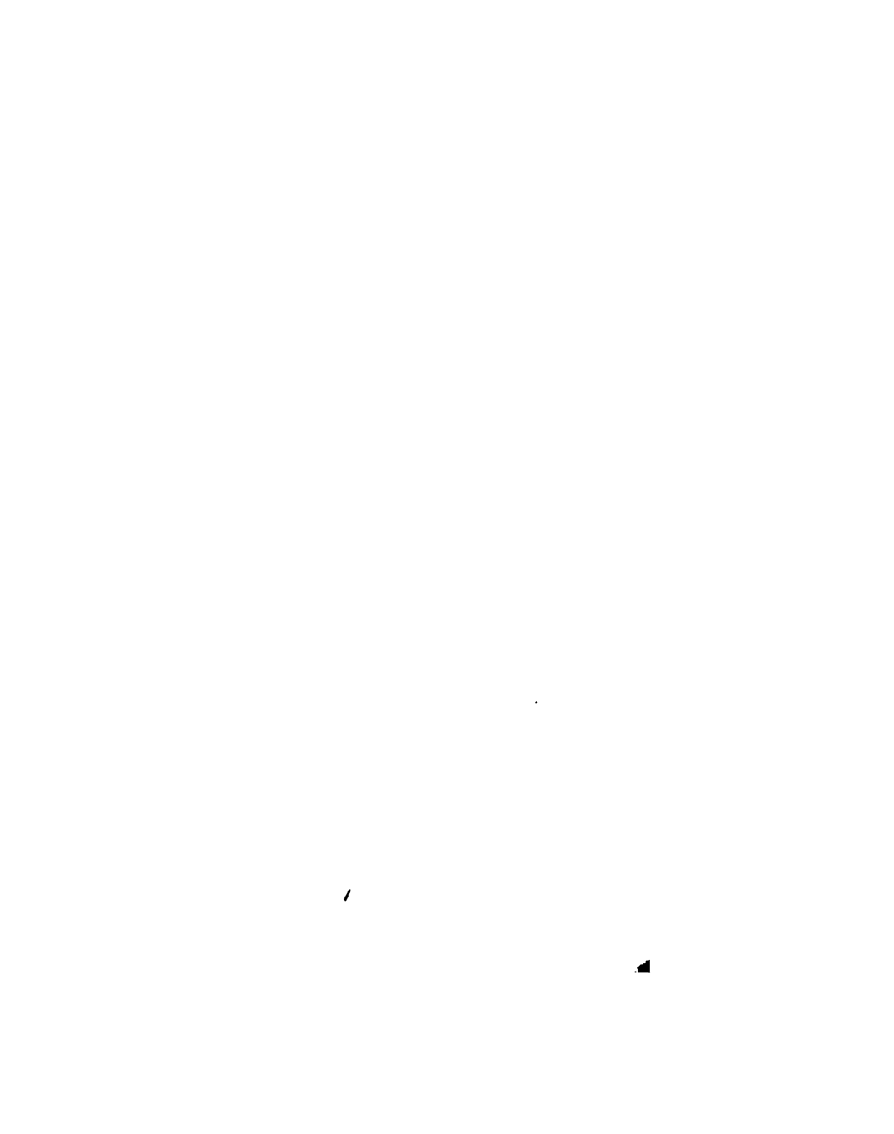
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